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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Why did *National Review* refuse to print this ad? ➔

The Internationalist Alternative:

A BASIS FOR WORLD PEACE AND NATIONAL UNITY

A PAMPHLET WRITTEN BY

Charles Hook, age 29, previously National Chairman of the Student Peace Union, currently Editor of The Internationalist Perspective.

CONTAINING:

Some ecology, a little ethology, bits of cybernetics, a few of Chairman Mao's thoughts suitably translated, some old-time religion, nasty criticism and warm appreciation of nearly everyone, what is possibly at once the shortest and yet longest history yet put into print, a political view neither left nor right yet simultaneously both, and, last but not least, a way to save the world.

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The **National Review**, a self-described "conservative" magazine, has consistently supported a foreign policy (i.e., in Vietnam) and domestic alliances (e.g., as expressed so forcefully by Spiro Agnew) which have turned America into a nest of warring camps (left and right, black and white, young and older) not even seemingly having a common language in which to speak to eachother. Except possibly violence. Some conservatism. A little more of it and there won't be much left to conserve. Now **National Review** refuses even to accept a paid advertisement for a pamphlet opposing violence and calling for peace and national unity. The pamphlet may not have all the answers but at least National Review ought to let some of its readers have the opportunity to judge for themselves. Shame.

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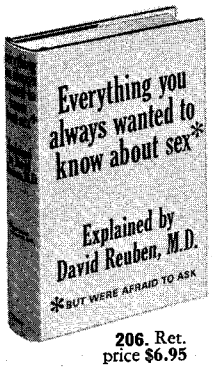

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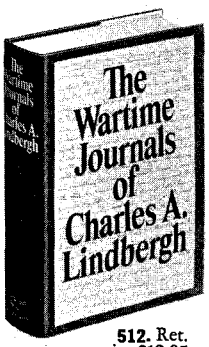

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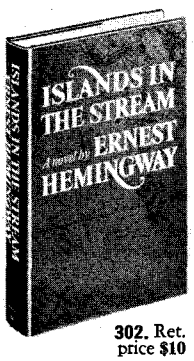

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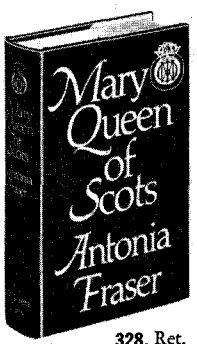

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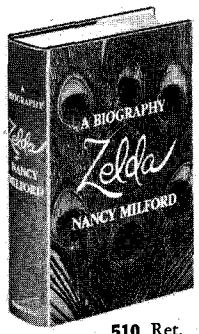

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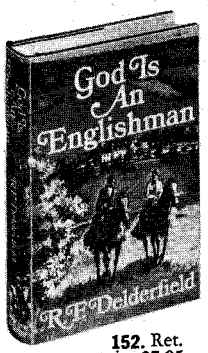

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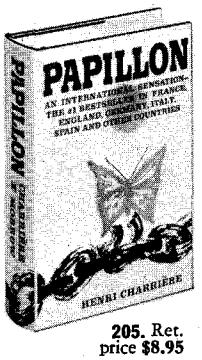
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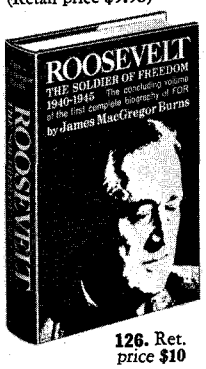

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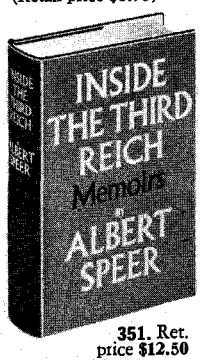

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I suppose I've passed it a hundred times,
but I always stop for a minute
And look at the house, the tragic house,
the house with nobody in it.

JOYCE KILMER

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How to get pure food in a polluted environment

Announcing the ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY. A rigorously independent source of organically raised foods, vitamins, cosmetics and household products. All delivered direct to your door. All certified to contain *no added pesticides, preservatives or chemical additives of any kind.* You may apply for membership by mailing the coupon below. *Membership does not obligate you to buy anything.*

Dear Fellow Human:

This is not a scare ad. If you can read—let alone smell, taste and breathe—you're probably scared enough.

Because you know that a flood of poisonous chemicals has invaded your family's diet. Robbing your food of its flavor and wholesomeness. Robbing you of your health, and perhaps years of life as well.

You know that 20 states (so far) have banned their fish, poultry and game because of mercury poisoning that has killed entire families.

That doctors now suggest infants should not drink their mother's milk, because the DDT content of mother's milk in America is now *four times higher than the maximum permissable "safety" level.*

That 51% of all fish sticks sold in America are bacteriologically contaminated.

That the paraffin-wax coating applied (for "visual appeal") to 70% of all fruits, vegetables and produce sold in this country is a known cancer producer, which cannot be washed off or cooked out.

That in order to fatten profits, 75% of the entire American beef supply is now being "primed" with a dangerous growth-hormone called *stilberstol,* also a known cancer producer.

That even your drinking water is now so contaminated that, according to the Wall Street Journal, *bottled water has become the fastest growing business in the United States!*

"Organic foods"—what are they? (And how can they help?)

"Organic" doesn't describe the food—*but how it has been grown and prepared.* Quite simply—organic food has NOT been sprayed, stimulated, bleached, colored, fortified, emulsified and processed to within an inch of its life (and yours). Some people call it "Health Food." Others say "Natural Food." We say only this: Remember how good food used to taste? And how good it was *for* you? That's what organic food, and The ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY is all about.

Towards a "total organic environment"

The ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY is more than just a supermarket by mail. Or a collection of wild-eyed food "faddists." It was inspired by a distinguished group of doctors, biologists, dieticians and ecologists who were alarmed at the contamination of our food supply and the accelerating destruction of our environment.

Through the support of members like yourself, The EFS is encouraging farmers, cattlemen, and manufacturers all over the country to STOP polluting our food, our air, *our lives.* Encouraging them in the only way practical—*by making it worth their while.* A farmer won't stop spraying poisons on his crop because you hand him a copy of "Silent Spring"—*but because you promise to buy that unsprayed crop.* Similarly, bakers will stop emasculating their bread; poultrymen will stop force-feeding their hens with arsenic to make them lay faster; food-processors will stop flooding us with phosphate-laden detergents and non-biodegradable containers—*only when they can be sure of selling their ecologically sound products at a fair market price.*

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What is a "fair market price"?

Does it mean organic foods must cost more? Of course it does! (And don't believe anyone who tells you otherwise.) But they need not cost very much more, when you order through the nationwide resources of The EFS. That is because EFS prices are based on *yearly* averages. From coast to coast, our manufacturers, livestock raisers and farmers promise to abide by our strict organic principles. (And we check to make sure!) In return, EFS promises to accept and distribute their organic output—every day, every month, every season. So that the price-level of organic foods need never be more than a few pennies above that of "contaminated" products.

And even these low prices can be lowered—as, month by month, we bring more and more of the earth and its products under organic cultivation. (Our goal: the United States in seven years, most of the world in ten.)

How the Society works for you

Many members order their entire weekly or monthly food supply from the Society. Others buy just a few things, like a special honey, "natural" vitamins, unprocessed cider, etc. *But no member is ever obligated to buy anything.*

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You will receive a subscription to The EFS Newsletter (regularly $3.50 a year). This urgently up-to-date bulletin will keep you alert to what is happening in, and to, your environment. And show you what you can do about it now. Its frank reports will name names, tell you which companies are culprits, what commercial products are (relatively) safe, which supermarket items to buy—and beware of. You will learn how to read between the lines of pending legislation—and phoney product labels. How to put the latest facts about diets, drugs, pollution and population to work in *your* neighborhood—for *your* family.

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Don't just hope things get better —help us make them better.

Ask yourself these disquieting questions. Who really cares (and in whose *interest* is it to care) about the quality of your environment? And the safety of your family's diet? What has the government done? What has private industry done? There is, in the last analysis, only you. And the thousands like you who are aware—and concerned—enough to get behind EFS and do something now. *While there is still time.* Please mail the application on this page today. Putting it off for tomorrow could mean there might be no tomorrow.

The ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY

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Yes, please enroll me in The EFS. Membership does not obligate me to buy anything. But it does entitle me to receive (1) a free copy of THE COMPREHENSIVE CATALOG OF ORGANIC PRODUCTS, (2) a free subscription (regularly $3.50 a year) to The EFS Newsletter, (3) the Society's continuing guide to organic living, and (4) the privilege of ordering as much or as little as I desire from the COMPREHENSIVE CATALOG at member prices. Naturally, anything I order through the Society must satisfy me fully, or I may return it for a prompt refund. Enclosed is my one-year membership fee of only $5 to help defray the cost of the above benefits, and support the work of EFS in restoring our environment by bringing more land and livestock under organic cultivation. I am free to cancel membership simply by returning my membership materials within 30 days and you will refund my $5 in full.

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TRB®

from Washington

Coming, Boss

Wonder what a male spider thinks about when it is through its courtship – and suspects that the next act in its life drama is to be eaten by its cannibalistic mate? Does Nature warn it that it is being sacrificed for the good of the family? Does it say, What the hell, and make one final pass at the old girl before being gobbled up? Looking around the political scene, these curious questions come to us.

There is Spiro T. Agnew now, "Ted" to his friends, plump and pompous. Nobody knew him two years back. But he was just what the quaint process of political nuptials required. He was a governor, and an Easterner, and an ethnic. And so now he has been performing his duty, making all those speeches, fulfilling his partisan purpose. The GOP fat cats loved him. He gave them delicious sensations of rage and loathing. His job was to do the dirty work, loosen the cash flow, and grab free time from timid networks.

The scenario called for Spiro to be "independent." We read one funny column in which it was postulated that he had gone too far in denouncing Mr. Nixon's Scranton report on campus unrest and made the President very, very unhappy. Ha. Agnew would embarrass Nixon the way Charlie McCarthy would embarrass Edgar Bergen. His barnstorming party included three special assistants to the President (Safire, Buchanan and Anderson), one Cabinet-rank Counsellor (Bryce Harlow) and a special elections task force. They got the White House signal.

At first he was a sensation. I remember going to a panel broadcast and on the way listening to that first audacious attack on the news media on the radio of my taxi. We changed our whole format to include the news. But it's hard to keep the thing up. Latterly he has been raising risibilities rather than goosepimples. His popularity shows a decline. And there is a certain woodenness. A reporter who accompanied him for three weeks said the boys never got a chance to know him. "They rolled him out. He read his speech. Then they rolled him back again." It sounded like a day-bed.

And so, ho hum, the election is over. No matter what happens now both sides will claim victory. Prior to the vote both have been poormouthing. The White House got it down to where they said that winning only three Senate seats would be a "victory." Mr. Nixon may well return to a more flamboyant attitude later on, as when he told the nation, April 30, on invading Cambodia, that he was attacking "the headquarters for the entire Communist military operation in South Vietnam; this key control center." They never did find COSVN, did they? But there was lots of rice.

So now we guess that maybe Spiro has served his purpose, attacking permissiveness and pornography, and rousing fear and divisiveness with hate symbols, the way Dick Nixon did in the fifties against Communists and security risks. That's the Nixon style. He has a feral instinct. Why spring if you don't hit the jugular? People with dainty stomachs get upset. New York's Mayor Lindsay said last week, "This is one of the few campaigns in memory in which men apparently seek not merely to defeat their opponents but literally to eliminate them from our public life." What a dilettante he is.

We don't know how the male spider feels but, if we were Spiro, we should hate to have Mr. Nixon looking at us in that hungry way. Is it the Vice President's fault that they're selling Spiro watches? Can he help it if people snigger? After all, he helped make "Youth" a five-letter word. That alliteration he used was terribly funny; and so was that gag about Sen. Goodell and Christine Jorgensen. He always followed directions, didn't he? But now there's this new rumor that Republicans may lose Ohio in 1972, and need a governor on the ticket from some other big state to balance Ohio off . . . Why does the President look at me like that? What is it, boss – ? Coming, coming.

The Nixon-Agnew game plan was based on the theory that in America it's the middle-aged, middle-income whites who decide elections. The Nixon team saw the typical voter as a 47-year-old housewife (let's call her Mrs. Duggan) from the outskirts of Dayton, Ohio, whose husband is a machinist, whose brother-in-law is a policeman and whose son is in a community junior college where they have found LSD. She is afraid to walk the streets at night, and she couldn't get her money back if the neighborhood "deteriorates" (admits blacks). She hates crime, permissiveness and Black Panthers. Mrs. Duggan, of course, steps out of *The Real Majority* by Richard Scammon and Ben Wattenberg, and the Nixon team has been out to scare the daylights out of her.

The Other Lady

What Messrs. Scammon and Wattenberg don't know is that in a suburb of St. Louis, near the exact center of population of the United States, lives Mrs. Kleibocker. Her husband works in the C & N Foundry and has been bringing home less pay because he has lost overtime. He has been earning overtime so long it seemed like regular wages.

Mrs. Kleibocker's nephew Sam (on her sister's side, down in Atlanta) has just been let off and it's a terrible thing because of the twins. Mrs. Kleibocker (let's call her Mrs. K) voted for Richard Nixon two years ago because he promised "we can control inflation without an increase in unemployment." Since then unemployment has jumped from 2.6 to 4.6 million, and consumer prices have risen 10 percent.

Mrs. K hates violence, too. But she's wondering about the Chevrolet they bought two years ago, with the final installment due this December, and the 9½ percent mortgage they've got to renegotiate. When she comes back from the supermarket and places a package beside the old half-empty one the new price makes her mad.

Her anxieties show up statistically. Busy little men in back corners of government bureaus have their imaginative world; a wobble on one of their charts is as lovely as an ode by Keats. And they discover that "personal saving" has leaped $7.5 billion this quarter from the one last year! Middle income wives are suddenly frightened, and are saving for a rainy day. And that, folks, may be the story of this election. Mrs. Duggan, meet Mrs. Kleibocker.

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Indochina Not an Issue?

On all sides, one hears that the steam has gone out of the Vietnam issue. So the candidates reported during the final days of the campaign. How did the President manage that, and why have the Democrats allowed him to get away with it? The war in Indochina is *not*, at long last, sinking into decrepitude. What is now happening in South Vietnam has occurred before – a lull in the fighting, which though deceptive, greatly reduces the level of American casualties. Battle deaths at around 160 a month are for the moment fewer than deaths (among 377,000 men) from accidents and disease. The Administration therefore imagines that it, and the Saigon regime, have finally gained the upper hand, and that the North Vietnamese and Vietcong can be forced to accept the kind of settlement that would signify their defeat. It is an implausible presumption. There are still about 250,000 North Vietnamese and Vietcong soldiers in the South. They have suffered heavy losses from overwhelming American firepower and from their own erroneous tactic of engaging in conventional battles. But each year in North Vietnam 125,000 men reach draft age. The diminished fighting in the South is because the enemy are regrouping and switching back to guerrilla warfare, at which they are highly proficient. Another reason why American casualties have reached a new low is that US troops who were in the thick of the battle on the Cambodian border back in March have been withdrawn to interior base camps. Last week, the South Vietnamese troops who have taken their place launched forestalling attacks across the border into Cambodia, trying to prevent the North Vietnamese army's falling upon them first. So much for Mr. Nixon's spring-cleaning bid to secure the South Vietnamese region by scouring out the enemy's Cambodian sanctuaries. In fact, Hanoi's forces dominate both Cambodia and Laos. They are entrenched, they have advanced, and they seem confident. They threaten the Cambodian capital, Phnom Penh, and they could probably capture the Laotian capital, Vientiane, any time they chose. There are 50,000 North Vietnamese and 6000 Chinese troops in Laos.

Direct US military involvement in Indochina's long-drawn civil wars started in Laos, nine years ago. A year later, 1962, the top American military commander, Major General Reuben H. Tucker, called Laos "a can of worms." It was and is. But the Administration has learned nothing from its predecessors' errors and miscalculations;

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the folly of American military actions in Laos is repeated again and again. Between 1962 and 1969, about 200 Americans were killed and 400 US aircraft were lost in Laos. It is not possible to give more precise figures, because for eight years successive Administrations have denied any American military presence in that country. Since March this year, the toll is reported as 71 aircraft, including helicopters. More recently, there have been scores of American casualties to give the lie to the official disclaimer by the US command in Saigon that "there are no US ground combat troops in Laos." In addition to Special Force operations and heavy American bombing, there are frequent military excursions into Laos by our Thai allies. Now, 1500 Cambodian troops have been dispatched to Laos, regardless of their own country's plight. The three Cambodian battalions in Laos are under American orders; the hapless and helpless Laotian government knows nothing about them officially. The Cambodians are probably just a first instalment, for Laos urgently requires infusions of fresh blood: one of the commonest sights is children in uniform, because so many Laotian adults have been killed in battle or by bombing.

Cambodia, by contrast, managed to stay out of war until this year. Before Prince Sihanouk was overthrown by the present Lon Nol government, the Cambodian army was a 35,000-man outfit. Today there are 154,000 Cambodians under arms, and Lon Nol aims to raise this to 600,000 or ten percent of the total population.

As well as the three battalions in training in Laos, "volunteers" have been shipped to South Vietnam. Cambodians, so long at peace, can now count on dying both abroad and at home. Such are the fruits of Lon Nol's March takeover and of Mr. Nixon's Cambodia policy. For Americans, the vital question is whether the US units now suffering casualties in clandestine military actions in Laos are also just a first instalment, like the 1500 Cambodian troops. Under severe public and congressional pressure, Mr. Nixon indicated earlier this year that Americans would pull out of Cambodia and not go back in. But what about Laos? In any case, the Administration's commitments to both Cambodia and Laos are visibly enlarging.

None of this is comprehensible except on the hypothesis that the President really has no more faith than Hanoi in his own formula of American withdrawals. Like his predecessors, Mr. Nixon is steadfastly chasing an Asian mirage: settling Indochina's civil wars by winning them for "our" side. Ever since the conflict began, this country and North Vietnam have been on a deadly seesaw. When one side would be inclined toward negotiation, the other side would be feeling militarily too weak to risk it. Or when one side would be feeling strong enough militarily to be able to negotiate without risk, it would decide that as its fingers seemed to be wrapped so tightly around the enemy's windpipe, it would be madness to let go before it heard the death rattle. And there have also been times – this is one of them – when one side appeared to be on top in one region but the other seemed well on the road to military victories elsewhere.

There is a lull in South Vietnam, which won't last; and the North Vietnamese and their allies effectively control most of Cambodia and Laos. The war in Indochina is like an air cushion; squeeze it in one place, and it bulges someplace else. Raiding Cambodia and sending Cambodian and American troops into Laos won't help matters. It only puts the war back where it began. Neither side can hope for military victory. But when Hanoi proposed in September release of prisoners and an American withdrawal date (June 30, 1971), Mr. Nixon rejected it as propaganda and suggested a cease-fire that Hanoi dismissed as insincere. If the President isn't putting the war into a whole new cycle, why nibble in Laos? His best bet for peace is an announced withdrawal date, and a new provisional government in Saigon that excludes Thieu, Ky and Khiem but includes practically everyone else. This is the key to ending the war, for the fighting in South Vietnam is responsible for the formidable North Vietnamese military presence in both Laos and Cambodia. The Laotian prime minister, Souvanna Phouma, pins his hopes of getting the North Vietnamese troops out to a settlement in South Vietnam, because he knows these troops are in his country primarily to guard Hanoi's supply routes. And similarly with Cambodia.

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Chile and the US

An unabashed Marxist is inaugurated this week as President of Chile, and after its initial shock, Washington is playing it cool. Salvador Allende's *Unidad Popular* had, by its slim 39,000 vote plurality (34.9 percent) barely won a three-way presidential contest. It was the decision of the powerful Christian Democrats to cast their bloc of 75 votes for Allende in the October 24 special joint session of the Chilean parliament which gave *Unidad Popular* (composed of nearly equal numbers of Communists, Socialists and non-Marxist middle-class radicals, along with three other minor groups and a scattering of former Christian Democrats) well over the simple majority it needed.

Founder of the Chilean Socialist Party, Minister of Health at 30 in the 1938-41 popular front government, senator of the Socialist Party for the past 25 years and three-time presidential candidate of the Left – Allende is a forthright Marxist by philosophy and a democrat by practice. Even his right-wing opponent in the elections, Jorge Alesandri, speaks of Allende's faithful "respect for the constitution and the law." Though Allende is a Free Mason, his victory was calmly received by the Chilean Catholic hierarchy. On October 19, the Young Church Movement – a progressive federation of priests, monks, nuns and laymen – voted to join the *Unidad Popular* coalition so that they could, in the spirit of the Second Vatican Council, work to "realize the kingdom of God on this earth, and not by waiting for the next." Allende himself promises to respect "all political tendencies," and pledges presidential elections six years hence, "far cleaner and more democratic than those just passed."

Apart from such pledges, which skeptics recall having been made also by Fidel Castro in his early days in power, Allende is too aware of the limits of the possible in Chile to attempt imposing a rigid totalitarian structure on pluralistic Chile. He subscribed to guarantees of individual liberties that were demanded by the Christian Democrats in return for their support; in addition, both the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate subsequently adopted all those guarantees, previously only implicit, as explicit amendments to the Chilean constitution.

The limits of the possible are further narrowed by the economic situation, as has been pointed out by George A. Lawton, a former Fulbright scholar in Chile who closely follows developments in that country. There has been a run on the national banks and on previously healthy savings and loan institutions. Ninety million dollars may already have left the country, despite stringent measures ordered by President Frei to prevent a capital flight. The abrupt halt in new investment, the critical shrinking of funds, both private and capital, together with endemic Chilean inflation that runs above 28 percent for the current year, could strain relations between the new president and the Communist-dominated national federation of trade unions (CUT) to the breaking point. Allende already has tried to persuade striking Anaconda copper workers to return to work; thus far they have refused. The only bright spots are a favorable balance of payments position, thanks to high copper prices, and recent announcements by the Japanese that they will invest over $50 million over the next five years in Chile, and the widely publicized decision of British Leyland Motors to spend another $4 million.

In a series of addresses, Allende has stressed that of the three sectors of the new Chilean economy – the social, the mixed, and the private – the private will be the largest. Nationalizing banks, he says, entails a change in terms of administration and orientation of credit "in favor of the immense majority of clients who lack timely and sufficient credit," but he insists that interest accruing to depositors' current accounts will be fully guaranteed. He has set no fixed timetable for his reforms, and indeed the only companies mentioned as definitely slated for nationalization are foreign firms in the natural resources sector – a move that had also been promised by the Christian Democrats.

The Nixon Administration, which espouses "power to the people," in South Vietnam and elsewhere – so long as the power stays in the right hands – first responded to Allende's victory like a lover betrayed. No congratulatory message, absolute silence. Then the vision of a new Havana-Santiago "anti-imperialist" axis (as Allende in fact proclaimed), and the thought of another nail being driven into the coffin of the OAS, overcame the cautionary advice of such officials as Sol Linowitz and former Ambassador to Chile, Ralph Dungan, who had pleaded for perspective and for respecting another nation's right to determine its own domestic policies. With no forewarning to the State Department, a very high official of the White House, in an anonymous "background briefing" for reporters who traveled to Chicago with President Nixon on September 16, expressed his "great dismay" that a "Communist" had been elected against the will of two-thirds of Chile, and his conviction that if Allende took power, there might never again be free elections in that country.

Nor did the White House stop there. It put forward a new Latin-styled domino theory, according to which Peru, Bolivia and Argentina (the latter now under a rightist military dictatorship which has suspended elections and all forms of political participation, and yet enjoys normal relations with the US) might be the next three countries to fall.

Allende wisely chose not to interpret the Chicago backgrounder as the final word. He invited the US to send an official delegation, beyond the US Ambassador and the in-country team, to attend his inauguration;

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and the US, the Chicago briefing notwithstanding, relented and sent the Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs, Charles Meyer.

Amidst all the emotion, one point is worth noting. Salvador Allende, under immense pressure at home from far more radical elements of his own coalition, from the unrealistically high expectations he raised among the people during his campaign, from powerful Christian Democrats who will be watching his every move, and from desperate acts of violence from the far right, has warned that any stridently aggressive and systematic opposition, either foreign or domestic, will leave him no choice but to resort to an equally "inopportune radicalization."

But if Allende's options are sharply limited by circumstances, so are Washington's. The temptation to discredit the performance of a Marxist, once elected, through economic pressure, so that his Marxist program of structural change can be dismissed as an unworkable, utopian theory, would have its repercussions in kind. Chile could suspend its annual debt payments to the US of $80-$90 million a year for a decade; that would more than compensate Allende for the loss of the $107.8 million in loans and grants received from the US last year, and the single loan of $2.5 million that had been approved for this year.

Reagan and Rhetoric

How does Ronald Reagan get away with talking so often like some New Left freakout? Every major officeholder we can think of – even in these days when sulpherous language is the fashion – gets criticized for having said intemperate or vicious things. Except, mysteriously, Ronald Reagan, whose latest contribution to cooling it was to call a fellow-member of the Board of Regents of the University of California "a lying son of a bitch."

The objections to all the Agnewisms and Nixonisms are still sounding. Poor old George Romney is still taking lumps for having announced that he'd been brainwashed. (We always did think that he deserved some credit for that bit of candor, especially since it has become ever plainer that many who ridiculed him weren't smart enough to know when the same thing happened to them.) Now that Barry Goldwater is back in the Senate, we are again being reminded of his far-out aphorism: "Extremism in defense of liberty is no vice. Moderation in defense of justice is no virtue." That makes four national politicians with the best of Republican credentials who have been taken to task time and again for lacking that attribute so essential to statesmen: the (somewhat) judicious use of words.

Gov. Reagan has been strangely immune. Yet there have been few potentially explosive situations in which he hasn't tried a little demagoguery. In some instances, his speech has been more inflammatory than that of the Vice President. Such talk is more dangerous coming from the governor of the most populous state. Its entire police force can be placed under his direction, giving him the power to pursue his rhetoric to its logical conclusion, whereas an Agnew has neither sword nor purse to lend strength to his fulminations. To take a specific example, it is odd that what Reagan said during one of the worst of the campus crises last year claimed so little attention then and even less since. While university officials were trying to calm tempers, Reagan contributed: "If it takes a bloodbath, let's get it over with. No more appeasement."

Figures of speech involving warfare are a Reagan specialty. In one of his tirades against help for the needy, he said not long ago that "welfare is the battleground where the battle of Armageddon is being waged." (In the course of the same remarks he lumped together "big spending politicians, hippies and other professional dropouts, the United States Supreme Court, and welfare bureaucrats.")

Perhaps the media-molders of the West know their audience and figure that voters who would choose a Reagan in the first place, not to mention a Max Rafferty and a Richard Nixon at his youthful worst, really like the rich metaphors. Or perhaps after so much ranting, people in the Golden State are tone deaf. Whatever the case, it's time for political commentators to borrow a practice from the sports page, so there would be constant reminders of occasions when the mighty should have watched their tongues. Then we would read about George (Brainwash) Romney, Richard (Guilty) Nixon, Spiro (Effete Snob) Agnew, Harry (S.O.B.) Truman, and Ronald (Bloodbath) Reagan.

Nuts and Bolts

What happens when you take your new Chevy Vega to an automatic car wash?

"You won't have no front end; you won't have no back end. It'll chop 'em right off."—Car Wash Manager

Cronkite watches Brinkley, and thank God one of General Motors' competitors watches Chevy. If not, it might have taken a few weeks longer for GM to find out that in the new little Vega it had produced the first, modern American car that had to be hand-washed.

The Vega, introduced this fall, looks like it hugs the ground, and it does. A bolt that extends below the shock absorbers clears the earth by four and one-

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quarter inches. The undercarriages of all other US cars clear by at least an inch more.

While such small technical details would not ordinarily interest anyone – in this case they didn't interest Chevrolet in designing the car – they certainly do interest the automated car wash industry, whose machinery can't handle the 20,000 1971 Vegas that left Chevy assembly lines before the United Auto Workers strike. In mid-September, an auto company (someone other than GM) road tested a Vega. In the process it got dirty and was taken to one of the eight Jax Kar Washes in the Detroit area. As it approached the conveyor that takes cars automatically through the wash, it got hung up on the correlator, the device that adjusts the car's wheels to the conveyor. When employees went to take the vehicle off the correlator the bolt that fastens the shock to its mounting was sheared off.

The competitor notified Chevrolet. The car wash indirectly notified the Automatic Car Wash Association (ACWA is pronounced "Aqua"), which issued a "special emergency bulletin" to its 5000 members: "Test results in Detroit show shock absorbers are torn off by conveyors in local car washes. Extreme caution is advised before washing the car on conveyors." A subsequent bulletin the first week of October told car washes that GM had recalled those of the 20,000 Vegas that had been sold or placed with dealers. The potential damage to an unmodified Vega was exaggerated. A single bolt – not the shock absorber, and not the entire under carriage – was likely to be destroyed in a conventional car wash. And it's relatively simple to replace a bolt. Vegas produced after the strike will not be road huggers.

But the recall letters are causing dealers, who must perform the modification, and car owners who return cars, not to mention ACWA and GM, some distress.

Much of the credit for saving losses to Vega owners and to car washes (which could have several thousand dollars in direct damage to machinery from washing a Vega, not to mention a potential loss of business from 1500 cars a day for the several days needed for repairs) goes to Miss Virginia McDonald, the president of Advanco Laboratories, a manufacturer of car-care chemicals (tire cleaners, body cleaners, window cleaners, and such) in Saginaw, Michigan. Miss McDonald is on the board of ACWA International, is the president of the Michigan ACWA and the executive secretary of the Manufacturers and Suppliers Car Wash Association. She heard the news from Jax Kar Wash and immediately notified ACWA International. Those among the 8500 "full service" automatic car washes and 15,000 "exterior only" conveyor-type car washes who are not members of ACWA found out somehow. All of them will have to remain on guard: car owners are notoriously negligent about bringing cars in even after receiving letters from dealers and manufacturers.

The Nixon Watch

Welfare and Muscle

A test of the President's good faith and of the Senate's intelligence and humanity is in the offing. It is coming when Congress reconvenes after the election recess and the Senate Finance Committee resumes its prolonged diddling with the measure that Mr. Nixon has called "the most important piece of domestic legislation proposed by this Administration." Whether he meant it when he spoke in that way of the welfare reforms embodied in his Family Assistance Act, and whether first the Finance Committee and then the Senate as a whole are capable of approving those reforms, even in embryo, will be demonstrated in the four to six weeks that remain of this congressional session.

Nothing infuriates Mr. Nixon's people more than the suggestion that his good faith in this matter needs to be demonstrated. "There is nothing," Counsellor Daniel P. Moynihan said in August, "that so baffles the mind of a White House assistant as the question, 'Has the President supported this program?'" The question should not baffle so bright a fellow as Pat Moynihan, who hopes against hope that enough of the original program will survive the ministrations of the Finance Committee and a doubtful future on the Senate floor to be remembered as his monument, the great achievement of his Nixon service, when he leaves the White House and returns to Harvard in early 1971. Mr. Nixon has in fact supported Family Assistance, but with nothing like the vigor that he applied in his fights for the ABM, for his rejected Supreme Court nominations, and against amendments that would have restricted his freedom to end or prolong the Vietnam war as he chooses. The President and his staff intimates speak often in their private counsels of what they call his "muscle," the actual influence and pressure that he can bring to bear upon senators and representatives to get his way in a Congress controlled by Democratic majorities. White House muscle is a rationed commodity, and the amount of it expended upon welfare reform has been judiciously limited. Mr. Nixon prefers the soft sell to the hard sell in his dealings with Congress, in any case, and his personal "sell" for Family Assistance has been so soft that some of the legislators who want to enact his program leave his presence wondering whether he wants it as much as they do.

Chairman Russell Long and four other members of the Finance Committee had a typical experience with the President on Sept. 3. Mr. Nixon arranged for them to be flown from Washington to the California White House in San Clemente, with their wives and in a government plane, on their way to a dinner for the President of Mexico in San Diego. Moynihan and George Shultz, a senior White House assistant who as

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Secretary of Labor had shaped up the Nixon program for congressional action, flew out with the senators. They included the only two active friends of the bill on the committee, Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut, a Democrat, and Wallace Bennett of Utah, the sole committee Republican supporting it. The others were Paul Fannin of Arizona and Jack Miller of Iowa, two Republicans who were respectively against it and maybe open to arguments for it. Their hour and more of private talk with the President in San Clemente could have been crucial for the Administration's effort to break the bill, already passed by the House, out of the committee and onto the Senate floor for a decisive vote. Nixon assistants later said that the President "really laid it on the line," telling the senators and particularly the Republicans in forthright fashion that he wanted it out and wanted it soon. That was not the recollection of two of the senators. They said that they and their colleagues did most of the talking, that Mr. Nixon "just listened, mostly" and that all of them left the President with a feeling that, sure, he wanted the bill enacted, but not badly enough to make them sorry if it wasn't reported out and passed.

Mr. Nixon singled out his welfare program for frequent mention during his preelection campaigning in October. He did it in a curious fashion, perhaps tactically sound but hardly calculated to generate support for the positive reforms in his program. His campaign audiences would never have known from what he said about it that its great social virtue, the advance in welfare practice that could make it historic, lies in its promise of a guaranteed minimal income, underwritten by the federal government, for every American family. He did not even hint in his October speeches at the supplementary program of federally guaranteed medical insurance that he has promised to submit to Congress in early 1971. Instead he reverted to his 1968 campaign line, placing his major emphasis upon the requirement that adult recipients who can work or be trained for work will have to work or get off welfare. He spoke of the federal obligation "to provide adequately for the needs of all the people . . . a floor of dignity on which to stand." But his heavy thrust, the one that brought the cheers, came when he said, "Let's quit subsidizing those who are able to work, can have jobs or could get them and refuse to take them." The intended effect was what it had been in 1968, to equate welfare reform with getting the bums off welfare – although in fact, as demonstrated by the Administration's own data, the proportion of employable and deliberate loafers on welfare in all of its forms is so low as to be statistically negligible. The line taken by the President could have been, and some of his assistants said it was, a device to make his positive reforms more acceptable to conservative candidates for whom he was campaigning and to the conservative incumbents with whom he had to deal in the Senate. If so, he was paying a heavy price in terms of true public understanding of the measure on which the President has staked his principal claim to social enlightenment.

The congressional history of welfare reform put Mr. Nixon's campaign pitch that he needs Republican majorities in a ludicrous perspective. He owed House passage of Family Assistance largely to the Democratic chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, Wilbur Mills. In campaigning for the reelection of that committee's ranking Republican, John Byrnes of Wisconsin, the President never mentioned his support of welfare reform. The opposition of Senate Finance Committee Republicans, notably retiring John Williams of Delaware, had blocked the bill there since May. Bennett of Utah, the only Republican member on whom the President could count for support, had some serious reservations and was not at all certain that he would fight for the full Nixon program. Long of Louisiana, the Democratic chairman, kept assuring the President's lobbyists that he would send something to the floor and they literally grovelled before him to hold his negative and uncertain support. Ribicoff of Connecticut, who could qualify as one of Vice President Agnew's Democratic "radical liberals," had done more to save the bill from complete defeat than any other committeeman, in either party. HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson, who carried the main burden for the Administration in tireless lobbying for the bill, would have been lost without Ribicoff, and Family Assistance would have no chance at all if other committee Democrats did not come up with a support that they so far had withheld.

It was true, as Nixon assistants reminded the press, that such liberals as Gore of Tennessee, Hartke of Indiana (both caught in close races for reelection), Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota (retiring this year and preoccupied with other matters), and Harris of Oklahoma (for reform in principle, but also for higher benefits and wider coverage than the Administration wants) had been remarkably languid in their attitudes toward a program that should have won them from the start. The suspicion that some Senate Democrats just didn't want a Republican Administration credited with so promising a reform was not altogether groundless. But it was equally true that Senate Republicans had been for the most part either indifferent or obstructive.

The result is what might be expected. The most the Administration hopes to get out of the committee and past the Senate is a limited pilot program, to be tried out in three or four states and localities and to become effective nationally no earlier than July, 1972. The prospect at best is a sad ending to social effort that should have been the Administration's finest.

John Osborne

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My Lai Massacre— The Prosecution Rests

Fort Hood, Texas

When the prosecution suddenly rested its case against Staff Sergeant David Mitchell for assault with intent to murder some 30 unarmed Vietnamese civilians at My Lai, not a single observer thought the charge had been proved beyond a reasonable doubt. The prosecution had called only three witnesses, none of whom could swear he actually saw Sgt. Mitchell shoot anyone. It remains only for the defense to present its case, and Sgt. Mitchell will most surely be found innocent. More importantly, the government is going to have serious difficulty in successfully prosecuting any of the 17 men currently charged with crimes in connection with My Lai.

There's no doubt that a massacre occurred. *Life* magazine published color photographs of the grisly aftermath; the Army's own investigation, conducted by the Peers Commission, said "a tragedy of major proportions occurred"; even the House Armed Services subcommittee headed by Rep. Edward Hebert (D, La.) thought there was "no question but that a tragedy of major proportions involving unarmed Vietnamese, not in uniform, occurred at My Lai 4."

Yet the weakness of the government's case against Sgt. Mitchell may signal the first in a series of abortive attempts to affix blame. The prosecution's opening statement gave away one of the principal weaknesses in its case: "The government will prove that on March 16, 1968 – 2 years, 7 months, and 3 days ago . . ." Memories have dimmed; names, times, distances have been forgotten or confused. Such was the case with the government's first witness. Charles Sledge, who had been Lt. William Calley's radio operator on the day of the massacre, matter-of-factly recited how he had seen Sgt. Mitchell push Vietnamese civilians, "mostly women and children and some old men," into a drainage ditch and then open fire with his M-16, stopping once to load a fresh clip of ammunition. Mitchell's defense attorney, Ossie Brown, then rose to cross-examine, holding in his hand the transcripts of testimony Sledge had given to the Peers Commission and to agents of the Army's Criminal Investigation Division (CID). Was Sledge sure he had seen Sgt. Mitchell standing at the ditch? Yes, he was sure. Brown then read a statement Sledge had given the Peers Commission: "I *believe* it was Sgt. Mitchell." Had Mitchell been ordered by Lt. Calley to push the civilians into the ditch? Sledge said no order had been given. Brown quickly produced a sworn statement Sledge had made to a CID agent, saying that Lt. Calley had ordered Sgt. Mitchell and six or seven other soldiers to push the civilians into the ditch. Brown asked Sledge if he was clear on the fact that Sgt. Mitchell had stopped to change his ammunition clip. Sledge was. Brown again read from Sledge's sworn statement, "I think Lt. Calley used at least two clips, I do not know about Sgt. Mitchell." Brown had made his point.

If the defense could attack the accuracy of each witness's testimony, then the prosecution's logical recourse would be to parade witness after witness, all telling substantially the same story, overcoming the imprecision of any single account with the strength of numbers. But the chances of such a strategy succeeding were ended when the military judge, Col. George Robinson, disqualified the 158 witnesses who had testified before Hebert's subcommittee.

Such was the effect of the judge's ruling that the 1957 Jencks Act is applicable to the case of Sgt. Mitchell. The Jencks Act requires that any previous statements made by government witnesses to any agent of the United States government be supplied to the defense as an aid in the cross-examination of those witnesses. If, for some reason, the government can not or will not produce the prior testimony of a witness, then the government can not call that witness in prosecuting its case. The defense had cited the Jencks Act in a motion requesting access to testimony given before Hebert's subcommittee, which Hebert had refused to release. The point at issue in the defense's motion was whether or not the Act applies to testimony given before Congress (the Act refers only to "any statement of the witness in the possession of the United States"). The judge ruled that it did apply, and that he would have to disqualify any witnesses who appeared before the subcommittee unless Hebert changed his mind in light of the court's ruling. Hebert refused and was immediately seconded by Rep. Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee.

So four of the witnesses subpoened by the prosecution were disqualified, including the prosecution's lead-off, and presumably strongest, witness, Lt. Hugh Thompson, the helicopter pilot who was decorated for rescuing Vietnamese civilians at My Lai. Unless Hebert changes his mind, and he says the only thing that will make him change his mind is a full vote of the House of Representatives, the government's case against the rest of the My Lai defendants is emasculated. Col. Robinson's decision is not legally binding on the judges who will preside over the other My Lai courts-martial; but it serves as a precedent.

Ever since the horrors of My Lai came to light, Mendel Rivers has been saying that he would do everything in his power to keep the government from prosecuting the men it had charged. Whether or not he ordered the Hebert investigation for the sole purpose of denying witnesses to the government is a matter of conjecture. Regardless of motive, the government is left with more defendants than witnesses.

David C. Martin

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A Very Special Grand Jury

Kent State Gag

by David Sanford

Kent, Ohio

Members of the special grand jury convened by the Court of Common Pleas of Portage County, Ohio spent 25 days in September and October trying to discern for themselves what happened during the four days in May which ended in the killing of four Kent State University Students by Ohio National Guardsmen. The 15 small-town jurors heard more than 300 witnesses. They saw all the reports – those of the Scranton Commission on Campus Unrest, the Highway Patrol, the Ohio Bureau of Investigation, even the FBI report which Sen. Stephen Young says contains testimony that guardsmen fabricated, after the fact, the story that they fired their M-1's because they felt their lives were in danger. And from all of this they put together a report which differs substantially from the Scranton Commission's. A federal grand jury may have to be impaneled to go over all the ground again and add to what Kent's President calls "the strain of the successive reports, investigations, discussions and the like [which] must be surmounted one by one in stride."

The Ohio grand jury found guilt almost everywhere. Demonstrators, arsonists, onlookers, outsiders, obscenity shouters, faculty, and, most of all, the administration were to blame – but not the Guard. The troops had rocks thrown at them and were subjected to "verbal abuse" that "represented a level of obscenity and vulgarity which we have never before witnessed!" [Exclamation mark theirs.] Guardsmen fired their weapons "in the honest and sincere belief and under circumstances which would have logically caused them to believe that they would suffer serious bodily injury had they not done so." What they did was not to be condoned, but a state law passed in 1968 allows officers to kill rioters who ignore orders to disperse.

Guard officials said in May that the shooting had been in response to sniper fire. However the FBI's investigation turned up no sniper nor evidence that there had been any. The provocation subsequently became rock throwers. As evidence of provocation, the grand jury stated that "fifty-eight Guardsmen were injured by rocks" and other thrown objects; that "several members of the Guard were knocked to the ground or to their knees"; and that "although some rioters claim that only a few rocks were thrown, the testimony of construction workers in the area has established that 200 bricks were taken from a nearby construction site." A faculty witness interviewed by the Scranton Commission said he had not seen widespread rock throwing. The FBI report, according to a Commission investigator, disclosed that altogether only "four of the men reported injuries or received treatment that records were made of." The FBI recovered from the ground 90 pounds of potential missiles.

Whatever the extent of injuries and the rock count, the grand jury accepted as true that the Guardsmen were scared. Senator Young (despite FBI comments that he doesn't have "access" to its files) insists he accurately quoted these words from the FBI report: "We have reason to believe that the claim by the National Guard that their lives were endangered by the students was fabricated subsequent to the event. . . . One Guardsman admitted that his life was not in danger and he fired indiscriminately into the crowd. He further stated that the Guardsmen had gotten together after the shooting and decided to fabricate the story that they were in danger of serious bodily harm or death from the students."

The grand jury objected to the fact that the campus police force is under the control of the university administration; that students serve on internal disciplinary committees; that students who present discipline problems are referred to "counseling or [are treated with] some other meaningless sanction"; that speakers from "every 'radical group' that comes along" are allowed a platform; that the Jefferson Airplane was allowed to perform, while, on stage, "color slides were projected . . . consisting of psychedelic colors, scenes of the Ohio National Guard on Kent State campus, and scenes of the shooting on May 4th, complete with views of the bodies"; that "any such group of intellectual and social misfits [Yippies] should be afforded the opportunity" to meet on campus and thus "disrupt the affairs of a major university." In the context of such capital criticisms, the nickels and dimes paid to the right of dissent as "a basic freedom to be cherished and protected," and to the university as "a valued part of our community" seemed cheap.

The report, accompanied by indictments of 25 students, former students, and at least one professor, on charges ranging from arson to rioting and inciting riot, deserves a response, particularly from those it attacks. But when a Kent professor, who had testified

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before the grand jury, said last week that the report was "naive and stupid," he was found in contempt of court. Judge Edwin Jones of the Court of Common Pleas has ordered that none of the more than 300 witnesses may say a word against the jury and its indictments. The jurors have themselves been sworn to secrecy. ("You will take the secret to your graves of what occurred here," the judge said in dismissing them.) Courthouse demonstrations have been prohibited.

Judge Jones has thus done everything he can to assure that the finding of his special grand jury will be the only version of what happened at Kent in May.

The Kent *Record-Courier*, whose publisher and sometimes editorialist, R. C. Dix, is a member of the Kent State board of trustees, thought the jury had done a grand job. "Thus far," said a *Record-Courier* editorial, "Portage County Common Pleas Judges Edwin Jones and Albert Caris have been doing everything within their considerable power to keep proceedings orderly and well-controlled, and their efforts were rewarded with a well-run special grand jury." What the judges did, in the name of order, was to gag everyone with substantial knowledge of the proceedings. On October 17, the day after the 25 indictments were handed down, Judge Jones amended and extended an order that had applied during the investigation, prohibiting public comment by witnesses and members of the jury itself. He singled out Kent's president, but everyone in a position of responsibility at the University feels bound by the order. "Special Grand Jury Witness Robert I. White, president of Kent State University," says the order, "may hold one press conference and one student body conference at which time he may comment in general on the portions of the report of the Special Grand Jury pertaining to the administration of Kent State University, both past and present, but said witness shall refrain from any critical comment regarding the report of the Special Grand Jury and shall refrain from any comment regarding his testimony or the testimony of any other witness before said Special Grand Jury or any other proceedings. . . ."

Another court order, issued two days earlier gave similar short rein to the state, allowing special counsel for the attorney general to hold a single press conference to present the portion of the grand jury's report "which is not secret," to answer general questions "without giving any specific information, commenting on any of the evidence . . . or making any interpretation" of the report. (The indictments were said to have been kept secret to prevent suspects from fleeing. Several of the students, not waiting for the law to knock, turned themselves in.)

The court forbade "criticism" in its order to President White (but not in the order to the attorney general) for an obvious reason. White and the Kent State administration had been charged with "the major responsibility for the incidents occurring on the Kent State University campus on May 2nd, 3rd, and 4th"; they had "fostered an attitude of laxity, over-indulgence, and permissiveness with . . . students and faculty to the extent that [they] can no longer regulate the activities of either. . . ."

President White, feeling "rather well battered," chose not to hold his "one press conference" at all. Instead he issued a short written statement: "It is impossible for me to make any comment . . . without critical comment." He appreciated that a witness "must make

The Indicted Professor

Dr. Thomas Lough is a 42-year-old associate professor of sociology at Kent, charged with inciting to riot on May 4. He assumes that at some point he will get to see a bill of particulars. What *did* he do on May 4? He can't talk about that, because in doing so he might put himself in contempt of court or violate the order of silence. So far 19 persons have been arrested. Lough turned himself in on Monday, October 19. How did he know he had been indicted, when the indictments were all secret at that point? Lawyers have a way of knowing these things. "I pleaded innocent and I am," Lough says. His bond was set at $5000.

John Kifner wrote in *The New York Times* that Lough is an avowed socialist. But Lough, who spent five years with the State Department in the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, says that's not true. He describes himself as a "problem oriented" social psychologist. He teaches a social problems course at Kent in which he emphasizes ecology, poverty, the study of violence, gun control, "things like that." Lough got in trouble a couple of years ago when a student complained that he had passed out diagrams showing how to build Molotov cocktails, which he'd gotten from *The New York Review of Books*, as material for a lecture on "collective behavior." He was exonerated by a departmental investigation but nevertheless became known as the professor who teaches students how to make Molotov cocktails. Lough had told his students that he felt uncomfortable about the publication of the diagram, "because you're afraid it will get into the wrong hands."

Is there a historical precedent for what is happening to Lough, for the order of silence, the secret indictments, the ban on demonstrations, the new state law that provides for suspending arrested students and faculty pending trial? He doesn't think there is. These are new times and new things are being tried, by the courts, by prosecutors, and indeed by defendants. How has the university reacted to his indictment and arrest? There have been no repercussions. Lough, and the rest of the Kent 25 by virtue of their indictments have become campus heroes.

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no comments which bear on pending judicial procedures"; nevertheless he has petitioned the court to reverse its ruling, citing as grounds the First Amendment, the Ohio State Constitution, and Ohio law permitting no prior restraint of freedom of speech. He asked the Portage Court to allow him to "participate in any interviews and make any statement for publication or otherwise" which he wishes to make. A federal court in Cleveland scheduled a hearing on the issue for late last week (October 29).

The Portage Court has already found cause to hold two men, on opposite sides of the Kent controversy, in contempt for violating its order of silence. Seabury H. Ford, one of the three special prosecutors of the grand jury granted last week what he thought was an off-the-record interview to a reporter for the *Akron Beacon Journal* in which he said that the Ohio National Guard "should have shot all" troublemakers. Ford, who thinks the May demonstrations were "communist inspired" and who keeps a .45 caliber pistol in a manila folder near his desk, said "there is no question that those boys [the Ohio Guardsmen] would have been killed up there if they hadn't turned around and fired . . . I think the whole damn country is not going to quiet down until the police are ordered to shoot to kill . . . Why didn't the guard shoot more of them?" Glenn W. Frank, a Kent geology professor who had testified before the grand jury and the Scranton Commission was quoted in the next day's *Beacon Journal* as calling the grand jury's conclusions "naive and stupid." Both men have pleaded guilty to the contempt charge.

Seabury Ford, a 68-year-old Republican lawyer, figures in another legal issue, one which came close to triggering the summary suspension from Kent State of the indicted students and Professor Thomas Lough. Last June the Ohio legislature enacted a bill outlawing disruption. The state attorney general says it may be applied retroactively to the Kent cases. Any student, faculty, or university staff member arrested for campus disruption, vaguely defined, is to be given a hearing by a referee (a lawyer not connected with the university) appointed by the state board of regents. The referee determines, after an adversary proceeding in which the accused has no right to be supplied counsel if he can't pay for his own lawyer, whether the accused should be suspended from the university pending trial. Suspensions become dismissals in the event of subsequent conviction, reinstatement in the case of acquittal. Seabury Ford had been appointed by the regents to referee academic hearings for students indicted by the grand jury. But the regents decided last week that because of "legal questions" the disruption law should not be invoked, this time.

Kent State University had been a school without national reputation; now it has a reputation it didn't want and doesn't know how to live with. After the school was closed last May, administrators speculated about how the riots, the burning of the ROTC building and finally the killings would affect fall enrollment. There were rumors that radicals from other universities would try to transfer to Kent to make trouble, or that many of Kent's own students would move to other schools and that enrollment would drop by five to ten percent. But in that month and a half in May and June, when Kent was closed, no one was in the registrar's office to talk to fearful parents or students considering transferring. The shut-down probably averted a drop in enrollment. When the school began its academic year in September, 21,370 students registered, a gain of 272 over last year. There were 100 fewer new transfer students than in 1969.

But at registration there was talk of bombs. On October 8-10, Homecoming, something was going to happen; on the 14th, the day a bomb exploded at Harvard, there'd be a bombing at Kent. All the rumors proved false. Kent opened and remained open. Communications at Kent have never been better. The university set up two telephone extensions last spring, before the demonstrations, to quell rumors and to dispense general information. Persons who dial extension 4000 hear a recorded message of the day's news. The five lines on the Code-a-Phones are almost always busy. Operators on extension 3000, the "rap line," are available to answer questions.

The night before the special grand jury indicted the Kent 25, operators handled 1200 calls asking for news of the impending report. October 24, "Dads' Day" at Kent, the Code-a-Phones were broadcasting a one-minute-twenty-second message about an actual bombing that morning which caused negligible damage to the building housing the Human Relations Center and the Black United Students. The visiting parents that day made the trip to the metal sculpture on blanket hill, which has a bullet hole in it. They strolled by the parking gate next to which Jeffrey Miller fell dead May 4, and the site of the burned ROTC building where new grass was planted but failed to take root. Except for such graphic reminders, the campus looks normal: a jumble of architectural styles, construction in progress, a new multistory library, squirrels in three colors, couples making out on the grass. A sign in a dorm window reads, "Hitler is alive and living in Portage County"; another at the exit to Prentice Hall, a women's dorm, warns that: "Because of the security risk please don't use these doors after 7:30." (Someone transformed o in 7:30 into a peace symbol.)

A number of students wear round stickers which read "Keep Kent Open," seeming to confirm that the university's News Service Director Jim Bruss, is accurate in saying that the most prevalant feeling on campus "is keep the goddamn place open. We don't want people at either end of the spectrum to do anything to close the university." A few students wear "Kent

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Police State University" T-shirts, put on sale at Potpourri, a head shop some blocks from the campus. It sold out its supply of three dozen in about an hour. The money ($3.25 apiece) goes to the Kent Legal Defense Fund, Inc., hastily set up after the indictments. Tom Dubis, one of the fund's organizers, says they have raised about $2500, most of it in small contributions from students.

Local newspapers have reported surveys that suggest that in the city of Kent most people agree with the grand jury report, that the university's "permissive" treatment of students and faculty and the school's failure to exert proper discipline caused the rioting and violence of last May; the Guard was innocent.

If the press *is* representative of the community (some students call the *Record-Courier*, the Wretched Courier) there is little community appreciation of how apolitical and nonviolent the majority of Kent students are, even now. (The size of morning classes was undiminished October 23, the day the indicted student body president had designated as a national moratorium day of support for the Kent 25. Most students chose not to attend workshops on nonviolence.) The annual "Think Week" at the semester's start had as its themes, working within the political system, and nonviolent protest. But what the people of Kent know about KSU comes largely from the newspapers, and they play up the turmoil.

Kent's "situation" is a topic of conversation everywhere on campus, but few students are abandoning their way of life to become full-time activists. There is no SDS at Kent. The most visible "militant" organization is the Youth International Party which has done a lot to provide comic relief. YIP endorsed in jest the Republican gubernatorial candidate Roger Cloud, and added to their own unwelcome support the affections of commie homosexuals. Last Saturday the Yippies staged a carnival on the famous Kent commons to raise bail money. They sold commie pinko bubblegum for a penny, fished for fake dope, threw painted rocks at paper pigs, and built a 10-foot penis out of papier-mâché. The Yippies have made serious demands on the university as well, opposing ROTC, government research, and they've put strains on the University's tightened rules for campus demonstrations. But in the main, they're the sort of revolutionaries that would frighten only a special grand jury in Portage County.

How Unfair Are Our Taxes?

by Melville J. Ulmer

Exactly how much needs to be paid in taxes, and who ought to pay it, are questions that could provoke a fight at a garden club, and commonly do in Wilbur Mills' House Committee on Ways and Means. Usually, though, the quarrels are specific. The garden club, if the girls were in that mood, might squabble over a property tax. Several weeks ago the Committee on Ways and Means debated an excise on leaded gasoline. Most often, the only view any of us gets of the tax system as a whole is through the homey treatises of the electric and gas utilities, petroleum companies, financial institutions, and similar bodies concerned with instructing you-know-who.

One widely accepted notion, that few giant corporations have actively discouraged, is that the growing tax burden in the United States is at least as great as anywhere in the world. And so it may seem to many who have watched federal, state and local budgets swell with the expenses of war, expanding education, and the highway mania. It may seem so, too, to those who pay an unfairly large share of the taxes, a matter we shall get to later. Yet the facts are otherwise. Taxes in the United States represent about 29 or 30 percent of the gross national product, placing our country in this respect in the same category as Belgium, Denmark, Italy, Canada, and New Zealand, as the accompanying table discloses. Nor is that all. In a number of other countries the public sector gets a much larger slice of the GNP, including Sweden, France, West Germany, Norway, Austria, the

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Table 1

SELECTED COUNTRIES	TAXES AS PERCENTAGE OF GROSS NATIONAL PRODUCT
Sweden, France, West Germany, Austria, Norway, Netherlands, Great Britain	33% to 41%
Italy, Belgium, United States, Denmark, Canada, New Zealand	26% to 30%
Australia, Ireland, Algeria, Uruguay, Brazil, Greece, Japan, Iraq	18% to 24%
Kenya, Iran, Turkey, Costa Rica, Ghana, India, Mexico, Ethiopia	Less than 18%

Source: International Monetary Fund and author. Data are averages for recent years.

Netherlands, and Great Britain. With rare exceptions only the poor or very poor countries such as Brazil or Ethiopia fall much below us in "tax effort."

Were we to duplicate the effort of Sweden and pay some two-fifths of our GNP in taxes, we would increase total government revenue by about $100-billion or 30 percent. If social obligations weighed that heavily on the national conscience, we could increase funds available by another $15 or $20 billion, at least, through cutting out some of the less edifying elements of present government budgets – especially income maintenance programs for special interests such as the Supersonic Transport, subsidies to big agriculture and transportation, manned space flights, the extravagances of the Defense Department, and similar smaller philanthropies in state and local budgets. It is hard to avoid the uncomfortable conclusion that social reforms are not limited by our tax capacity, so that they have to wait for the financial relief that may come when the Vietnam War is ended. If we wanted them enough, and if our legislators were responsive enough, we could push ahead at once toward closing the gaps in public service from national health insurance and medical research to care of the environment and improved programs for welfare, manpower training, and public employment.

If not too high, we are often told, taxes in the United States are too progressive. Time and again the US Chamber of Commerce has warned that a nation can impoverish itself by so taxing its captains of industry that they lose their zeal for maximizing profits. We need not lie awake over this. Nominally, the federal income tax is quite progressive. But aside from its notorious loopholes, there are the numerous *nonprogressive* levies – the sales, excise, and property taxes – that account for so large a proportion of the nation's public revenue, especially in state, city, and county governments. When all are put together, as they are in Table 2 (page 19), it should be apparent that we are not racing toward an egalitarian society.

In fact, given the approximate nature of the estimates, it is fair to say that there is no progression worthy of mention, up to incomes of $15,000; that is, all families below that level pay about the same proportion of their personal incomes in taxes, around or just under 30 percent. Some apparent progression begins above that point, though the degree is probably exaggerated as we shall see below. Even taken at their face value, however, the data do not suggest that the rich are treated heartlessly. Families with incomes of $15,000 and over (the top classification for which the figures are available, embracing the richest 10 percent of all families) pay on the average only about 15 percent more of their incomes in taxes than do those that are well below the poverty threshhold. In short, the distribution of income after taxes is not very different from what it was before taxes.

So say the official figures, and yet the actual degree of progression is even less than that suggested by the table. For one of the assumptions underlying the estimates is that the federal income tax applies in practice exactly as it is supposed to do in theory. There is considerable evidence to the contrary. In theory the income tax should bear equally on people with equal incomes. In practice a great deal depends on how the income is earned. Those who live primarily on wages and salaries pay the nominal rates, literally and fully, in virtually all instances. The withholding and reporting systems of the Internal Revenue Service make any other result all but impossible. But those with incomes derived in substantial part from profits, rent, interest, fees, capital gains, and dividends – are able in a variety of ways to avoid a portion of the income tax to which they would nominally be subject. Since the latter types of payments accrue in significant amount almost exclusively to the relatively wealthy the progressiveness of the income tax is much more modest in practice than in theory.

The last conclusion, now that we think about it, should surprise no one. Loopholes have been as widely publicized as a Ted or Ethel Kennedy party, and everyone knows that they are all but untouched by the new Tax Reform Act of 1969. What may be news of a more startling kind is the probable magnitude of the taxes that are avoided or escaped through legal or illegal means. In a little noticed study (in the *National Tax Journal*, Sept. 1963) by a government economist, Glenn D. Morrow, it was shown that incomes from sources other than wages and salaries tend to be understated by about 33⅓ percent in income tax returns. Since such hidden income is cut off the top, of course, where tax rates are highest, the reduction

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in taxes paid is a good deal more than one-third, perhaps closer to one-half.

Morrow arrives at his conclusion principally by comparing the distribution of income by type of payment as it appears in income tax returns, and as it appears in data assembled independently by the Census Bureau and the Office of Business Economics of the Commerce Department. Essentially the disparity reflects a sharp contrast between what people themselves regard as their income (and which they might report, when asked, in confidential surveys) and what they choose to call their income for tax purposes. In any event, according to Morrow, the result is that wage and salary workers, and especially those living in large cities, pay a disproportionately large share of the income tax, radically out of line with true differences in income, when compared with the remainder of the population.

Some of the reasons are well known. As Morrow declares, "The whole of salaries and wages, with a few minor exceptions, is included in the income tax base, whereas there is an ever growing array of income exclusions, business expense deductions, depletion allowances, alternatives for converting ordinary income into capital gains, etc., available to the self-employed and to investors for avoiding tax liability," all quite legal. But there is another reason, unaccountably swept under the carpet in most academic and political discussions: the deliberate and *illegal* understatement of incomes. It has long been a popular practice among self-employed professionals and unincorporated businesses, including farmers. Just two months ago a survey by the Internal Revenue Service, sponsored by the Senate Finance Committee, turned up additional, striking evidence. Of 3000 doctors whose returns were examined, it was found that about half had failed to report a "substantial amount of their income," especially Medicare and Medicaid payments. In some instances the "omission exceeded $100,000."

Table 2

FEDERAL, STATE, AND LOCAL TAXES AS PERCENTAGE OF TOTAL FAMILY INCOME

Family Income Class	*Percentage*
Under $2,000	28.1
$2,000 to 2,999	26.7
$3,000 to 3,999	29.7
$4,000 to 4,999	29.1
$5,000 to 5,999	29.4
$6,000 to 7,499	28.5
$7,500 to 9,999	28.5
$10,000 to 14,999	30.6
$15,000 and over	44.0
All classes	30.4

Source: Tax Foundation, Inc. Data are for 1965.

Unless physicians are much more dishonest than you and I, it follows that in the words of Senator Russell B. Long (D., La.) there is a "vast area of tax cheating." It also follows that the unimpeachable reputation of the income tax (long revered by economists as the preeminently equitable levy) is a grand illusion. The income tax soaks those who live primarily on wages and salaries, concentrated mostly in the middle income group and including organized workers. It spares the very poorest in the population, those significantly below the poverty threshhold. It deals gently with those who receive much of their incomes from property, business, agriculture, or from fees for personal services rendered, a group concentrated largely in the upper-income classes.

A highly respectable response, time-honored, is to vow to close the loopholes and tighten enforcement. We have been making the same resolution, off and on, for some 40 years now. More promising, I think, would be an effort to find some means *other than the income tax* to spread the burden more fairly.

One method is to make substantial use of graduated excise and sales taxes. Such levies can be rendered as progressive as the income tax is supposed to be, if formulated in the proper way. Equally important, they are practically unavoidable, so that groups going Scot free today would be finally and inescapably caught. For example, excise taxes might be imposed which weighed most heavily on luxury goods, such as the highest priced motor cars, speed boats, furs, haute couture gowns, jewelry, and cosmetics. Illustratively, an excise tax on automobiles might be scaled from 5 percent of the sales price for the cheapest models up to 40 percent on the most expensive limousines or high-powered sports cars.

General sales taxes, which prevail in most parts of the country, could be increased (except on food and medicine) with their potential regressiveness offset by estimated rebates, or negative taxes, payable to lower income families. To some extent property tax rates can be scaled upward, at least on residential housing, in line with the per room or per cubic foot value of the buildings. What all these levies have in common is that they reach everyone, and yet are progressive – that is, are imposed on the basis of ability to pay.

If such new taxes were to produce sufficient revenue, it could conceivably become possible to reduce rates in the income tax schedule, or at least to avoid further increases. But *total* tax revenue is bound to grow in the years ahead, because the critical requirements of the public sector – pollution, poverty, urban decay, transportation, education – are growing. It would be comforting for all, including tax collectors, to be assured that no one with the ability to do so would be deprived of his right to contribute.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Conduct Unbecoming

(Ethel Barrymore)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June

(Theatre de Lys)

Broadway arrived a little late this year. The first play was produced in mid-October instead of right after Labor Day, so the season was not exactly straining at the gate. Like so many Broadway plays of the last decade, this one is English with an English cast. It is so bad that it must be believed: because its warm reception is saying something important to us. Not about that tired subject, the decline of Broadway, but about our culture in general.

Conduct Unbecoming deals with a British regiment in India in the late nineteenth century, and it takes place in the officers' mess. Two new subalterns have just come out from England; one is awed by the regimental tradition, the other is insouciant. At a ball the latter attacks the blonde widow of an officer. He is tried by a special court-martial, and his fellow-subaltern defends him. There are some dreary plot surprises, all quite mechanical.

Nothing in this production rises above the pedestrian, and not much of it reaches that level. The dialogue by Barry England – surely the most fitly named playwright of the century – is a schoolboy's dream of Kipling. The setting by Finlay James looks as if it had been hurriedly pieced together in a warehouse. The direction by Val May, dull leader of the Bristol Old Vic, is road-company operetta; for instance, when a lot of people enter at once, they proceed obediently to assigned positions, stop on the spot, turn to one another, and begin to converse inaudibly. With the exceptions of Paul Jones and Jeremy Clyde as the two subalterns, the rest of the cast have exhumed a body of acting that has been buried for years and to which the worms have not been kind. Michael Barrington, the colonel, expresses dignity by pointing his chin at the ceiling. Donald Pickering, the adjutant, has evidently been told that he has a good profile, and he points it – now east, now west – like an Irish setter trying to win a blue ribbon. All of them resonate their lines like ambulatory tuning-forks. At best the evening is a glimpse of pre-First-War English theater. At worst it just falls short of *Beyond the Fringe* parody.

Now what is interesting about this ludicrous anachronism is its success. It was a considerable hit in London, about which I won't comment except to note that, among London's varied theatrical activities, is the production of Agatha Christie's *The Mousetrap*, which opened in 1952. And now this new play is apparently a hit here.

The success of *Last of the Red Hot Lovers* or *Applause* fits the familiar pattern of chic. The success of revivals like *Private Lives* and *Room Service* is due at least in part to nostalgia for the period in which they were written. But *Conduct Unbecoming* is neither smart nor "old"; it is a young man's ill-made Well-Made Play, and its success points up a veiled truth in our theatrical life, one with larger relevance.

Those of us who are concerned about a theater of adventure and disturbance and revelation tend to forget that most theatergoers are, and probably always will be, concerned only about a theater of reassurance. I can't even dignify this view with the term "elitism": it is simply a clinical social fact. A very small percentage of Americans ever go to the professional theater, and a small percentage of *that* percentage want more than entertainment from it. In a few past eras, like the Elizabethan age, the same theater could satisfy everyone, but that has not often been possible in the last two centuries for a complex of social and even religious reasons.

Since the First War, and particularly since the Second, there has been a strong movement in the American theater to accommodate changing intellectual and spiritual appetite. Achievements have not been many or great; still the quality of best aspiration in 1970 is markedly different from that in 1920 or 1950. But more and more, the majority of people who go to the theater, or who might go, have been discomfited by the advanced theater's pursuit of new forms and disquieting ambiguities. Some among them, devotees of vogue, will go to anything new – they loved being pawed by the Living Theater before they went home to Scarsdale – but they have no slightest interest in having their vision altered by anything they see; and anyway they are a minority within the majority. Most theatergoers, to Broadway or its equivalents, want comfy shows and, on the evidence, it need not be a smart one – a corny one like *Conduct Unbecoming* has its own special charm for them.

The deepening schism in our society is reflected sharply in the small world of the theater. You can't keep pouring out increasing numbers of college graduates, no matter how questionable their education, you can't have racial and generational and sexual conflicts, without those currents having some effect on the relatively still pond of the theater. But you also have to expect resentment from those who want society to go back to the way it was and who want values undisturbed.

That resentment, it seems to me, is manifest in the enthusiasm for *Conduct Unbecoming*. We have been told in recent years that the conflict between redskins and palefaces is over, that the concept of the tasteful and the tasteless is passé. I don't believe it. There are areas – thank heaven – where interests overlap. (Absolutely anyone could have enjoyed the original production of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*.) But the Culture Explosion of the sixties was only a smoke screen over the profound division that remains: the division between those who either don't want art or want it as décor, and those whose chief question in life is: "What must we do to be saved?"

It is not a far or far-fetched step from the public reception of *Conduct Unbecoming* to the popularity of Spiro Agnew. I am *not* saying that every reviewer who praised this play and every person in the audience who likes it (as most liked it the night I was there) are Agnew fans. But Agnew is not a lonely freak, he is an expression of a widespread, previously subterranean majority. Subterranean because Agnew was right in some degree about the media: many people who write and broadcast are certainly not members of that widespread majority. Agnew is the latest voice of an accumulating dislike of the entire course of the last two centuries – particularly the accelerations

(Continued on page 33)

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Reed Whittemore: English Department Ills

Confessions of an American Scholar by Simon O'Toole

(University of Minnesota Press; $5.95)

The name Simon O'Toole is a pseudonym for an unhappy professor of English who wants to tell all – without identifying himself or his university. Telling all turns out to be a matter of "confessing" that English professors are venal *too*, that academicians in general have been cowards in recent crises, and that the truth is not hidden under every research project. Not many teachers and scholars will be startled by these revelations, and O'Toole's solutions, thrown out half-heartedly at the end, are not likely to rage through the educational system: he would, for example, have "less education instead of more;" he would replace the present singular and tedious PhD dissertation with two short (and tedious?) dissertations; and he would arrange the world so that anyone hired to teach at a college could then "assume he is a permanent member of the staff, barring insanity, wickedness, or his own desire to move on." (How *do* you arrange that?) Thus the book is a disappointment – and yet it represents a mode of statement we could use more of, and from less petulant confessors than O'Toole. Imagine our institutional life if it were peopled with modest and constructive self critics trying to reform themselves and their establishments – even to the extent of pushing for the scuttling of outworn, unworthy projects and jobs – rather than constantly holding the line, struggling to preserve and maintain the grand old regimes they began with.

English departments badly need scuttlings – there O'Toole is on the right track – and they need to have the impetus for scuttling occur from within. But what O'Toole would do (when it is clear what he would do) is scuttle indiscriminately because he has personally soured on his academic life and finds everything around him in need of scuttling. "My experience says," he says, "that American higher education is a low-grade farce." The remark befits an outsider, someone who has no commitments, and to whom throwaways come easy. By "higher education" he seems to mean primarily graduate or research work in English – a curious equating – and he seems to think it farcical because its sabbaticals, its sieges in the British Museum, and the resultant unreadable monographs are commonly mistaken for wisdom, enlightenment, truth. Here he is, though properly annoyed by the monographs, confused. No matter how fruitless the scholarship in English may sometimes be it is only farcical when it is conducted by the confirmed cynic, the unscrupulous opportunist, or the fool. To find waste in the lives of persons one admires is not to find farce – which is to say that O'Toole's "confession" is flawed by his basic contempt for his colleagues. He would not mend their patches but dispose of them – surely an outsider's attitude. I don't know where and how he as an insider picked up his outsiderism – he gives us the impression that he made the choice himself and has devoted most of his professional career to figuring out ways of staying off campus – but I do feel, from my own not-very-far-inside experience of about a hundred years, that he has maligned his profession. The characteristic English scholar is much more apt to be honest and idealistic – and baffled and frustrated – than villainous or idiotic. Neither his life nor his work makes good farce, for the simple reason that commitment *is* present and evident in his affairs even when, as is common, he is dubious of the merit or profit in the commitment.

What is happening in the English profession – aside from the relatively rare profiteering in bigtime textbooks and forever grants – is worth extensive and considerate "confessing" by compassionate insiders, for what is happening is significant for all education: English as a subject, though not yet as a department, is going down the drain. The English teacher or scholar is constantly being whispered to out of the woodwork, and told that his profession's gone. Farce? Only for the uncommitted.

Journalists, social scientists, McLuhanites and a variety of outside villains can be blamed for having usurped many English department functions in recent years. And English departments themselves can be blamed for remaining extraordinarily rigid and imperceptive about objectives in English, in the face of the academic revolution we have been living through. And of course the venality of individual scholars can also be blamed, following the O'Toole line. But beyond blame – and O'Toole somehow never gets beyond blame – is the simple though obscure fact of loss. Literature as we have known it is somewhere, somehow seeping out the door. And language as we have known it has the seeps too. A linguist or social scientist can jump on me about that "we"; it makes me at best some sort of brahmin, at worst something worthy

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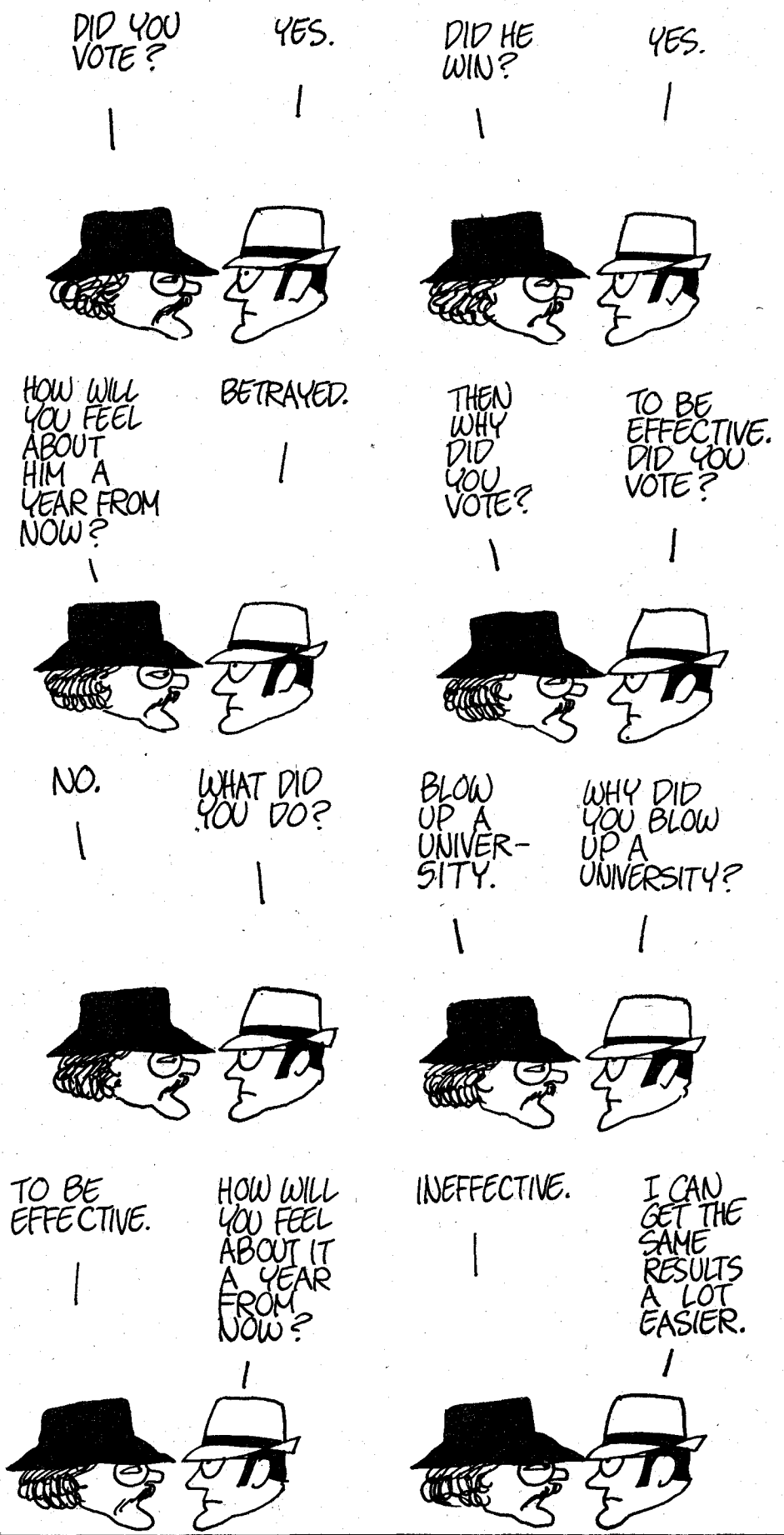
JULES FEIFFER


DID YOU VOTE?
YES.
DID HE WIN?
YES.
HOW WILL YOU FEEL ABOUT HIM A YEAR FROM NOW?
BETRAYED.
THEN WHY DID YOU VOTE?
TO BE EFFECTIVE. DID YOU VOTE?
NO.
WHAT DID YOU DO?
BLOW UP A UNIVERSITY.
WHY DID YOU BLOW UP A UNIVERSITY?
TO BE EFFECTIVE.
HOW WILL YOU FEEL ABOUT IT A YEAR FROM NOW?
INEFFECTIVE.
I CAN GET THE SAME RESULTS A LOT EASIER.

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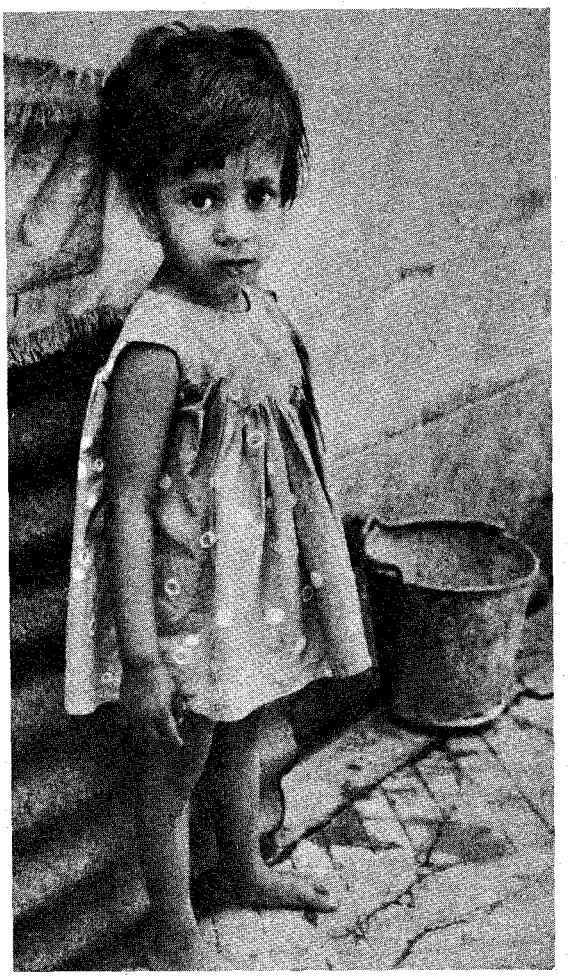
of the growl word "fascist" – but I'll let it stand. As we have known language and literature, they are vanishing.

Now these are losses beyond English departments and English scholars; so the grand scuttling that is to take place will not be speeded or slowed mightily by a few rearrangements within English departments, or by deliberate, committee-inspired revisions in the direction or scope of scholarly publications in English, though such revisionism is badly needed (published literary criticism, for example, has lost almost all general currency even within the profession in the last couple of decades; out of the hundred or so books published yearly, only a handful will be read by more than a handful). No, the changes will be made by outsiders holding purse strings, and at the registration desks for college courses, and in all those curious focal points of what "we" call illiteracy, where the language and its literature are being made into oatmeal and bludgeons. But if the English scholar or teacher cannot control very much of all this he can still, if he so wishes, brighten the corner where he is; that is, he can make local decisions (to scuttle or preserve) tending to keep the corner bright a little longer than it would be without him. O'Toole has no interest in this kind of preserving; in fact O'Toole manages to miss that whole big cultural point of loss, and imagine that literature and language will survive in a shape he can recognize if only the scholars and teachers leave them alone. They won't, and I suspect that he will be shocked and chagrined when they don't – even though at one point in his book he praises a student for asking, "What's the use of being literate?"

In a future issue I will discuss the seepage away from traditional views of language and literature, as it can be seen in a new poetry anthology, *Stuff*, edited by Herbert Kohl and Victor Cruz.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

African correspondent for The Baltimore Sun, RUSSELL WARREN HOWE *is the author of a two-volume history,* Black Africa. HERBERT PACKER *teaches law at Stanford.* WILLIAM J. PARENTE *is a professor of political science at Antioch College.* WILLIAM STAFFORD *is poetry consultant for the Library of Congress.* JONATHAN YARDLEY *is book editor for the* Greensboro Daily News.



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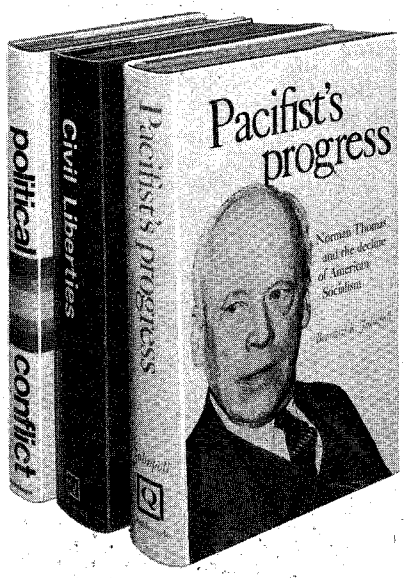

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Russell Warren Howe: The Road to Autocolonialism

Africa and the Victorians
by Ronald Robinson and John Gallagher with Alice Denny

(St. Martin's Press; $7.50)

Burden of Empire
by Lewis H. Gann and Peter Duignan

(Praeger / Hoover Institution; $7.50)

The late Victorians were determined to take on no responsibilities in Africa, which was not then known to be the richest continent. Westminster's historic Select Committee of 1865 recommended that Britain leave West Africa, except for Sierra Leone – a slave resettlement project then about as big as a Texas ranch. Britain would also keep the strategic watering-station at the Cape, if the war-provoking depredations of Afrikaner frontiersmen could be checked.

Yet there are today almost as many English-speaking Africans as Africans speaking Arabic, French and Portuguese put together. What happened to that Victorian anti-colonial resolve?

Africa and the Victorians ascribes it all to Suez. Britain's imperialistic determination to keep this international waterway open equalled Nasser's modern imperialistic desire to blackmail the world by closing it. To guarantee Suez, Britain needed Malta, Cyprus, Egypt and the Sudan: parliamentary unwillingness over Sudan brought delays which cost General Gordon his life at Khartum; and propping up the Cairo government was expensive in time, voter-popularity and money. Also, Britain "had" to head off the French in East Africa, and to acquire bargaining counters in West Africa to exchange for French and German agreements in more strategic areas.

None of this, however, disproves the classical theory that two African have-nots, King Leopold of the Belgians and Bismarck, promoted the Berlin Conference on Africa of 1884-85, and urged France to forget the loss of Alsace-Lorraine in 1871 by spreading itself in Africa – thus forcing the long-established British and Portuguese to guarantee the survival of their coastal trading stations by occupying their hinterlands.

In South Africa, Britain was sucked in behind Rhodes and the Afrikaners, but colonization only really started with the discoveries of gold and diamonds. Robinson, Gallagher and Denny quote Colonial Secretary Joseph Chamberlain: "I cannot feel the least sympathy either with Kruger or with the Johannesburg capitalists. The former is an ignorant, dirty, obstinate man who has known how to feather his nest. The latter are a lot of cowardly, selfish, blatant speculators who would sell their souls to rig the market." But it was Kruger who sent the ultimatum, precipitating the Boer War.

The authors say: "Without the occupation of Egypt" [causing French opposition to London, leading to Fashoda] "there is no reason to suppose that any international Scramble for Africa would have begun. . . . Gladstone's second administration was totally devoid of imperial ambitions in West Africa." Even Palmerston, the authors note, had been "satisfied that there is room enough in Africa for the commerce of all the civilized nations of the world," and that there was therefore no need to have the bother of governing it. Lord Kimberley confided to the French ambassador that he could not take disputes about African countries seriously. They were "places where white men cannot live, dotted with thinly scattered tribes who cannot be made to work."

But the authors note the idealistic colonialism of the liberals and of the Unitarian Chamberlain who "called a halt to Salisbury's policy of trading the

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strategically worthless West for the economically worthless East." This, plus Goldie and the Liverpool lobby, Lugard and the explorers, and other factors at Berlin, cannot be dismissed as inconsequential – or secondary.

The authors conclude that the "theory of economic imperialism puts the trade before the flag, the capital before the conquest, the cart before the horse." Whatever the impetus, a hesitant imperial interlude turned six thousand principalities into 50 countries; four main tongues replaced a galaxy. Compared to the disunity of mono-lingual, mono-religious Latin America, Africa has accepted the imposition of pan-Africanism with good grace.

The Gann and Duignan book, like their earlier works, is a well-written apologia for western rule in Africa. It loses weight by trying to defend, as well, the buccaneer republics of the settlers. Gann and Duignan defend the abuses inflicted on Africans by immigrants by referring to those the Russians inflict on themselves. They defend the "pass" laws which jail half a million innocent South Africans every year by noting that West Germans must register changes of address. They defend historic crimes by pointing to greater ones. They use the high school statistics of Angola and Mozambique without pointing out that most of the children are foreign immigrants.

But they correct a few popular illusions: the slave trade, as they note, enriched Africans more than Americans or Europeans: and since it robbed Africa of less than 100,000 people yearly, its depredations cannot be compared to the loss of 50 million emigrants from Europe between 1880 and 1930. They note that imperial rule, like all state enterprises, made no profit.

Biased in their sympathy for imperialism, they attribute its death to historic trends in the colonies and the metropoles, and fail to explain why the colonized *wanted* independence. Colonial rule was overthrown because the jet-age Caliban found Prospero, still clinging to the Iron Age he had destroyed, unlivable. Imperialism worked fairly well in the days before the Scramble, and in the last few years before independence – when Europeans behaved themselves in human terms, and African governments behaved themselves politically. Imperial rule lost its civilized *raison d'être* when investment and medicine made living conditions good enough for European women and children. With the white female, in the 1920s, came segregation: an empire won on the playing fields of Eton was to be lost on the playing fields of Roedean.

Gann and Duignan admire the settlers' industry and believe this justifies alien rule. They fail to see that southern Africa's white governments are extremist organizations. A Vorster or an Ian Smith have, like a George Habbash, unnegotiable demands that can only be restrained by force.

To the West, these governments appear as the historic levers used by Moscow and Peking to justify their intervention – just as Batista and Hitler served the cause of Communist expansion. Yet Gann and Duignan share the illusion that the West will force a representative future to find a place in southern Africa for four million whites.

An end to job ceilings, land zoning and above all to wage differentials will leave 90 percent of whites with wages inadequate for their minimal requirements. As in West Africa, only the white technocrat who can compete in a meritocracy will remain. If France alone could absorb 1.2 million whites, few of whom were of French extraction, from Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia, the English-speaking world should be big enough for three or four million South Africans – unless of course partition makes their exodus unnecessary.

Gann and Duignan emphasize the defects of post-colonial Africa, but not the colonial origins of some of them. The present autocolonial era incorporates the arbitrary, authoritarian techinques of colonial administration with the attitudes to *lèse-majesté* of the precolonial priest-king (now called a president, but determined to rule for life, and to be worshipped).

Thanks to imperialism, Africa is better than it was a century ago. And since the imperial tradition, maintained by post-imperial education, is clearly a stronger influence than the pre-imperial one, then what comes next? The colonialists reformed after World War Two: will the autocolonialists reform? Is there a place in Africa for the sovereign individual? Is dictatorship perhaps, *enfin*, a dying art? Have the dubious ideologies of Paris, Moscow, Westminster, Lisbon, Peking and Brussels – meant for a different age and for urban, industrial cultures – reached the outer limits of credibility in this gullible, rural continent, which has made a science of mimicry?

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of whom
else can I say
that
when he does
something good
there is
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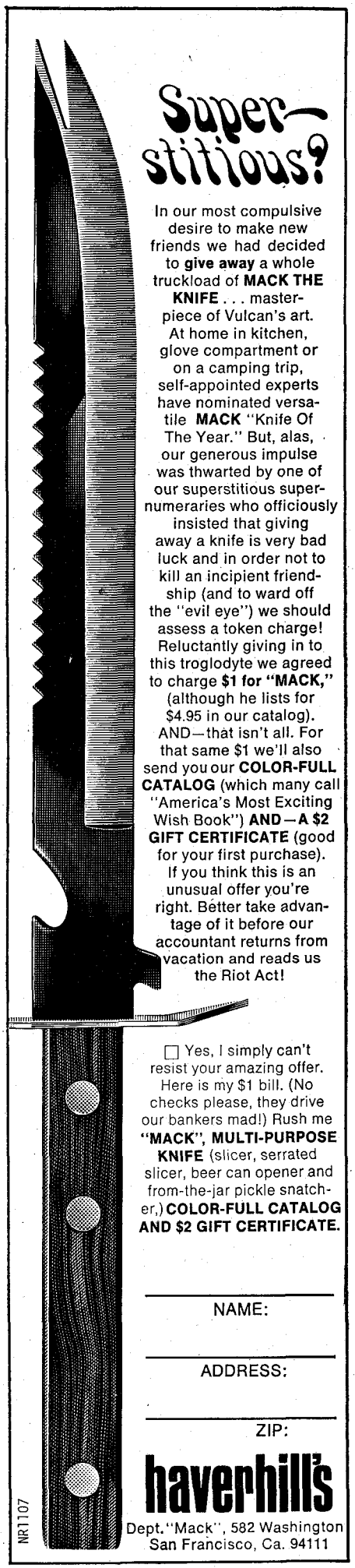
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William J. Parente: Brave Parasite

Involuntary Journey to Siberia by Andre Amalrik

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $6.95)

At the age of 25 Andre Amalrik was expelled from Moscow University for attempting to send his history thesis on 9th century Slav-Scandinavian relations to a Danish scholar for criticism. A rheumatic heart condition prevented his doing heavy manual labor. In any event, he had to nurse an invalid father at home nor was he much interested in a regular job. He preferred to write poetry and plays, research questions of Russian history, and collect modern Soviet art.

Unfortunately, his foreign contacts eventually prompted the KGB to pressure the Moscow police into arresting him under the "parasite" legislation devised by Khrushchev in 1961 to clear large cities of drunks and chronic unemployables. By 1965 the law had become a common means of sending troublesome intellectuals to Siberia.

Amalrik's autobiographical account relates his efforts to prevent deportation by asserting his legal rights. We are astounded to find a three-man police team come to arrest him being driven out of his apartment in the face of his demands that they produce a warrant. As one KGB operative sighs, "Things aren't what they used to be."

While the police attempt to secure a warrant against Amalrik for not doing "socially useful labor," he visits the head of the Personnel Department of the Central Police Administration and nearly secures a job on the newspaper, *Soviet Policeman*, before the KGB again intervenes.

To firm up the indictment, his plays and even the paintings he collects are found to be "pornographic." A truly Russian arresting officer, while confiscating a reproduction of a Matisse nude, queries Amalrik "why it was that only fat women excited him, whereas he could do nothing at all with thin ones, and whether there was a scientific explanation for this."

The early chapters of Amalrik's book then are a careful description of Soviet legal processes as they come to bear on him and some judicious opinions on how the system could be improved:

> It seems that nowadays the Soviet authorities are very worried about the rise in the crime rate. But the struggle against it is impossible without an effective judicial system that enjoys people's respect. What we need is not the passing of new and ever stricter laws, but the proper application of the existing ones, which are already quite harsh enough as it is.

In a related observation, he notes the 1966 decision to equip police with night sticks in the face of increasing hooliganism: ". . . up to now night sticks had always featured prominently in anti-American propaganda, and ever since I was a child I could remember how in our newspapers, books, films, posters, and other propaganda material the night stick was writ large as a symbol of the 'American way of life.'" Amalrik criticizes the decision: "considering the vague idea our police have of the limits of their authority I think it is going to cause a great deal of trouble – as, for example, in Tula in the summer of 1967 when there was a pitched battle between police and workers after somebody had been struck with a night stick."

Arthur Waskow's recent plea in *Running Riot* for police drawn from local neighborhoods finds support in Amalrik's belief that the police in Siberia are more "civil and humane" than those in Moscow:

> I think the reason is that they are recruited locally; the local population respects them and they try to live up to its respect. In Moscow, conversely, the police are mostly provincials who have come out of the Army or the security forces; finding

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themselves in an unfamiliar environment, they feel that people are hostile to them and react accordingly.

Amalrik also criticizes the application of "parasite" laws against alcoholics and drug addicts. The later chapters of the book deal with the exile's lot on the kolkhoz and provide numerous examples of the system's failure to rehabilitate.

Western readers are already familiar with Amalrik as the author of *Will the Soviet Union Survive until 1984?* In that brief essay, the possibility of political and social change in Soviet society is explored. Because of the apathy of the Russian citizen, both as an individual and member of the group, Amalrik concluded that only a Sino-Soviet war could bring change. *Involuntary Journey* provides us with an autobiographical account of the origins of much of the pessimism found in *1984*. The latter essay, although published before the memoir, was written after Amalrik's disillusioning year among the peasants of Krivosheino. The village of Krivosheino is in the Tomsk Region on the Ob River near the end of the earth. Electricity came in 1962 but there is still not enough for the radios to play while the cows are being milked – unless the milking machine is broken, which is often the case.

Although the author's critique is directed specifically at the collective farm system, the conflict is the more fundamental one between intellectual and uneducated – a recurrent problem in all societies but one which has received literary expression most especially in Russia.

The obscenities of the peasants, their drinking, their intolerance, their sloppy work habits are too much for the cultivated muscovite. More significantly, he is shocked to find the Soviet collective system has left the peasants as rootless as the workers in the cities, bearing allegiance neither to the old religion nor even to their own traditional individualism. Finally, he is depressed by their inability to improve their economic situation and their unwillingness to accept his obvious suggestions on organizing the collective's work more efficiently. In a few chapters, Amalrik's personal diary distills for us the experiences of the Russian populist "narodniki" movement in the nineteenth century or the Peace Corps in the twentieth.

Amalrik speaks of "the mentality of the kolkhoznik: he has ceased to be a peasant but has not become a laborer, and hence cares nothing about what happens to the results of his work."

There is more than a little irony here. Only two years ago in his Trevelyan lectures at Cambridge, published as *The Unfinished Revolution*, Isaac Deutscher exculpated the political failures of the first half-century of the Soviet state by throwing the blame on the "crude individualism" of the peasants who brought an unsocialist mentality and the "piece-work" incentive system to Soviet factories. Deutscher said of the peasant that "even in his exit, he casts a long melancholy shadow on the new Russia."

Amalrik now confirms this melancholy shadow at first hand. One has a sense that Amalrik's intellectualist distaste for peasants and the "idiocy of rural life" sometimes clouds his images and burdens his work with an unnecessarily pessimistic analysis of the future of the Soviet state. Yet his views are not merely those of a sufferer – they are impressively objective at most points. It is the Soviet state itself which suffers most, by preventing publication of his views within its borders.

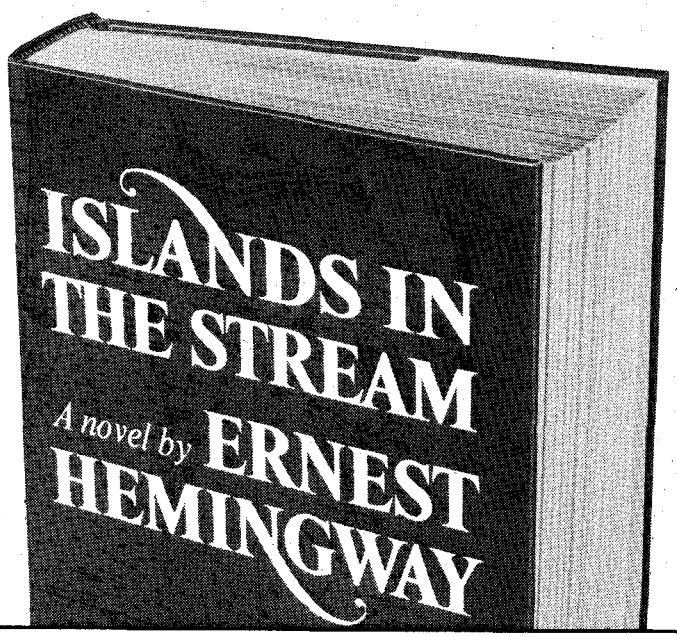
Jonathan Yardley: Football and Faith

Coach
by Tom Dowling

(Norton; $6.95)

Tom Dowling, an exception to the rule that sportswriting is a euphemism for jocksniffing, understands the essential truth about the extraordinary popularity of Vince Lombardi: that its impulse was as much political as athletic. His account of Lombardi's first and only season with the Washington Redskins does not provide much new locker room poop (George Plimpton and Jerry Kramer having taken care of that), but it is most instructive as to why Lombardi in particular and pro football in general draw so vast and passionate a following.

The fashionable explanation, the one offered at Cambridge and Upper West Side cocktail parties, is that the game appeals to "the violent strain in American life." Perhaps, indeed, the smacks and grunts of 250-pounders *do* spark



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some visceral response in effete, impudent snobs. But the intellectuals, avidly though they embrace the game, are not its real audience. The fat TV ratings, the jammed stadiums, the endorsements and subsidiaries are financed by Middle America.

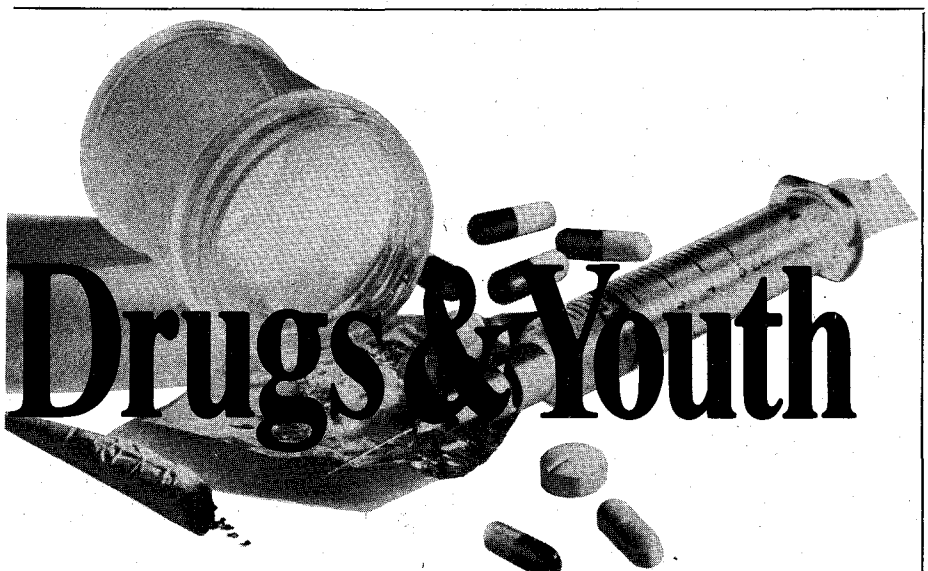
"Lombardi," Dowling writes, "was the transplanted flower of Middle America. His upbringing, his education and his professional environment had taught him the virtues of discipline, order, patriotism." To Lombardi, football was "a man's job . . . a profession like dentistry, the law, public accounting, the military, or the pulpit." Primarily because of him, I think, pro football became a vivid contemporary metaphor for the Puritan Ethic, masculine dominance, the whole range of political-social-cultural assumptions that have come under concerted attack in the Aquarian Age. In a world of change and uncertainty, Lombardi's game offers reassurance that the old values are still with us.

The Lombardi record was testimony that the ingredients of success can be the same as ever: hard work, perseverance, dedication, discipline, organization, faith. The military was under blistering criticism, but he ran first the Green Bay Packers and then the Redskins with military precision and toughness – and he *won*. "Winning is the only thing," he said over and again. That was comforting counsel to people losing in Vietnam, losing in Watts and Newark, losing on campus, losing in the grocery store. Dowling is right:

> . . . it seemed to me no accident that Agnew and his chief should be such avid frequenters of ballparks . . . The country was split, and the ballpark was on the right side . . . Unquestionably, the political appeal of football came from the nostalgia the game evoked, the suggestion of an orderly disciplined past that was disappearing, the sense that only in sports were young people conducting themselves in a truly American manner . . .

To his credit, Dowling is not contemptuous of either the man or his following. He sees Lombardi and his appeal in whole. The evidence that Lombardi could be an unspeakable martinet is irrefutable: he could be cruelly indifferent to the most basic human feelings, his hostility to longhairs was juvenile, his view of life was generally simplistic. Yet if Dowling's book goes far to demonstrate his narrowness, its ultimate effect nonetheless is to demonstrate that the Lombardi legend was not compounded out of myth: that Lombardi *was* a man of discipline, order, courage, loyalty, fairness and faith; he knew his code and he adhered to it.

It can be said, in some respects accurately, that the code is outdated. "Strive and Succeed" does seem anachronistic in a society which must redefine its concepts of success and progress if it is to survive. But there is much to admire in the Calvinist virtues that the Catholic coach so ardently celebrated. To a considerable extent Middle America's estrangement derives from a fear that those virtues are being repudiated, and its embrace of any symbol to the contrary is neither surprising nor contemptible.



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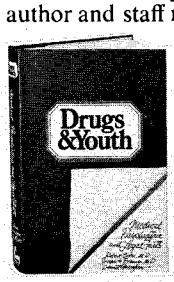

Find out from a doctor (Joseph Brenner, M.D. at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology): What is the difference between one drug and another. Which drugs are addictive and which are not. What are the physical effects of drugs – long and short range.

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LIVERIGHT
386 Park Avenue South, New York, N. Y. 10016

Herbert Packer: Causes of Crime

Crime in America by Ramsey Clark

(Simon & Schuster; $6.95)

Mr. Clark has written a modest and sensitive book about our current problems that deserves the widest readership. He scrupulously eschews the personal; the only lapse, for which I assume he can't be held responsible, is Tom Wicker's Introduction, which implies that Ramsey Clark can walk on water. Wicker delivers a nominating speech for the Presidency in 1972.

Mr. Clark shows a great deal of insight into our crime problem and is obviously familiar with its most important facets, like the impotence of

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our correctional system and the anger that separates the police from their adversaries. Still, he resorts to most of the tired liberal cliches about crime that don't tell us anything. As a keen young historian, David Hackett Fischer, has recently reminded us (in *Historians' Fallacies*, Harper's 1970), writers are prone to the Fallacy of the Single Cause. For Mr. Clark, *the* cause of crime is inequality. He devotes page after page of rhetoric to laboring this point. Yet he never squarely faces that the search for material causes is illusory and that the cause of crime in a formal sense is the legislature. He prefers to pin his hopes on something called "rehabilitation," which we obviously don't know how to perform, rather than on decriminalization: eliminating "victimless crimes" from the calendar of crimes, a solution that commends itself to many academic lawyers and sociologists.

While he rightly deprecates the importance of organized crime, he never quite manages to grasp the connection between organized crime and the existence of offenses like trafficking in drugs, gambling, and other so-called "vice" crimes. These crimes, which involve consensual transactions, cause most of what the Nixon Administration refers to as "organized crime." If he could only bring himself to see this connection, he might be somewhat less mesmerized by the ghost of Robert Kennedy as Attorney General.

Nonetheless, Mr. Clark's book provides an excellent introduction from a "liberal" standpoint to the problems that face law enforcement – the police, the prosecutors, the courts, and the correctional institutions. He does a brilliant job of dispelling the current thesis, as promulgated by our Vice President (Nixon's Nixon) that the Supreme Court is somehow at fault in its criminal procedure decisions. Clark gives us many reasons to regret that Congress has passed so much of the Administration's "crime package." He condemns electronic eavesdropping, and the attack on the Supreme Court's confession decisions. He annihilates the total misapprehensions, such as the alleged connection between "no-knock" legislation, "preventive detention," etc. and "crime in the streets," that the current Administration is trying simplistically to cram down our throats. Without ever betraying any self-pity, he soberly and authoritatively refutes candidate Nixon's apparently successful attempt to pin the crime problem on one Ramsey Clark. One can but wish that every voter who cast a vote for Nixon and Agnew in 1968 would have read and pondered this book before voting in the 1970 elections.

Mr. Clark's *apologia* is, as I have said, quite impersonal. But it is also a passionate and occasionally angry defense of everything that is best in the American tradition. If one can forgive the

NEW DEMOCRATIC COALITION

Concerned Voters: Your Help is Still Needed!

As you probably know, the Democratic Party's Commission on Party Structure and Delegate Selection—The McGovern Commission—has established 18 Guidelines for the selection of delegates to the 1972 Democratic National Convention.

The new Democratic Coalition (NDC) and the McGovern Commission grew out of a common recognition in 1968 that the delegate selection processes of the Democratic Party were neither sufficiently open to democratic participation nor sufficiently responsive to the public will. Although the national Democratic Party leadership has indicated a commitment to the Guidelines, many States' Parties have not really begun the necessary reform process. We all know that only through a vigorous, practical political effort, state by state, will any *effective implementation* of the Guidelines be achieved.

Because of the experience of 1968 which led to its birth, the NDC is the uniquely appropriate organization to undertake the hard work of reform of the various states' delegate selection processes. In June, the NDC chose to make its primary 1970 and 1971 commitment the implementation of the McGovern Commission Guidelines. And it is the *only* national political organization engaged in such a task.

Martin Oberman, of Chicago, has been designated to head National NDC's party reform effort. His job is to establish working relationships across the country to activate reform of the delegate selection process in every state.

But, as does everything else, our efforts need financial support. Thus, NDC is calling on you to contribute to this long-range program to democratize the Democratic Party. Your check, payable to "New Democratic Coalition", mailed to NDC, 115 3rd Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002, is vitally necessary for success. And if you have other resources to offer, please contact Martin Oberman, One First National Plaza, Suite 3200, Chicago, Illinois 60670, 312-329-7700.

We are unlikely to have this opportunity to change the Democratic Party again in the near future. We may have to live for a long time with the reforms we make in the months ahead.

Marvin L. Madeson

Chairman, New Democratic Coalition. Steering Committee Members at Large include Bella Abzug, Sam Brown, Dr. John Cashin, Rep. William L. Clay, Earl Craig, Sanford Gottlieb, Michael Harrington, Midge Miller, Rudy Ortiz, Donald O. Peterson, Paul Schrade, and Anne Wexler.

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excesses of Mr. Wicker's Introduction, Ramsey Clark comes across in this book very well indeed. While the book does not exhibit the kind of rigor to make one know that Clark is a first-class intellect, one should recall Justice Holmes's epigram about Franklin Delano Roosevelt: he is a second-class intellect with a first-class temperament. Perhaps that's all that anyone could wish for in a President.

Notable

Belloc
Edited by Herbert van Thal

(Knopf; $8.95)

His old friend Gilbert K. Chesterton said of Hilaire Belloc: "When he comes in at the door there enters with him the smell of danger." Like some other great Englishmen, Belloc was in fact only half English: Winston Churchill's mother was American, Belloc's father was French. In his 83 years, Belloc wrote more than a hundred books and nowadays almost all of them are, if not forgotten, difficult to obtain. He was active in many fields, writing comic verse, children's verse, cautionary fables, historical books, novels, essays, books of travel and a great deal about politics and religion (he was a Roman Catholic). He conducted brisk debates with H. G. Wells and others about the theory of evolution (Belloc was against it) and at least the title of his most memorable political book is still preserved – "The Servile State," an indictment of bureaucracy and big government. But Belloc also loathed big business, and capitalism generally speaking. He and Chesterton were all for the peasantry and regarded the thirteenth century as a shining jewel in the otherwise dark and stormy history of Western man (Belloc had little or no interest in other sorts of man). Belloc like Chesterton wrote heartily in praise of wine and song, and was apt to burst into rhapsodies over what he once called "the jolly world of God." He could be sharp and cynical, too, as in his cataloguing of five leading follies:

To think oneself immortal;
To think investments secure;
To take convention for friendship;
To expect a reward for right doing;
To imagine that the rich regard you as an equal.

And his three famous studies of the French Revolution – his *Robespierre*, *Danton* and *Marie Antoinette* – have still not been surpassed. Yet with all of this prodigious outpouring of energy and talent, Belloc remains a curiously shadowy figure. Not, of course, to those who knew him in the flesh. For them, he still lives, breathes and compels their admiration. The same presumably applies to another giant of Belloc's time, Cunninghame Graham, who shared his tastes for travel, horses and good wine. But as Belloc recedes into the past those who know him necessarily become fewer and Belloc's reputation shrinks. Herbert van Thal knew Belloc and has attempted to renew his image and restore his stature through those excerpts from Belloc's manifold writings, which he calls "a biographical anthology," presumably because each extract is prefaced by a brief note about what Belloc was doing at the time it was written. The result is an interesting but uneven miscellany, the final impression, not perhaps an unfair one, being of a very hard-working, talented man who however wrote far too facilely. The truth is Belloc was healthily more interested in living than in writing, in the experience rather than in its painstaking description. He thought well, too well, of the thirteenth century, but was an Elizabethan at heart. He did his thing as a generation he never knew might say; but not much of what he wrote seems likely to long outlive the last of those who remember him as a person.

The Great Dethriffe
by C. D. B. Bryan

(Dutton; $6.50)

C. D. B. Bryan has written a tough, strong book that seems somehow stronger for its infirmities. Its basic soundness is not diminished by the fact that it is formally two novels (with two heroes) sloppily wired together; nor does the laborious parallel between Scott Fitzgerald's characters and Bryan's do damage, though Fitzgerald is misrepresented thereby (the character of the Great Dethriffe, for example, is *not* like the Great Gatsby), and though some passages have an English teacherly flavor from their burden of literary reference. It doesn't even seem to matter that the brother of hero Alfred (Dethriffe is hero #2) is an irrelevant way-station who turns into an irrelevant main terminal. The work survives anyway, and truly blossoms in its portrayal of the two women in Dethriffe's life. When they are on stage the dialogue and atmosphere are marvelous, the feelings wholly genuine – nothing facile, no movie tricks or souped-up sex scenes. Taken as a whole the book is remarkable for its grace and depth of perception.

The Human Environment and Business
by Henry Ford II

(Weybright and Talley; $3.50)

Henry Ford II is in favor of equal opportunity for blacks, reduced carbon monoxide for all (so long as the government forces it on the car industry) and continued profits for businessmen; and the President of Yale, in an introduction, advises us that we should therefore regard Ford's remarks as full of "verbal bluntness and practical boldness." Better to say that they are full of contemporary platitudes. Indirectly the book is of interest, in that it suggests by omission one of the big questions of the hour: of what *would* practical boldness in business consist?

Punch With Care, The Asey Mayo Trio, etc.
by Phoebe Atwood Taylor

(Norton; $4.95)

The detective story like Humphrey Bogart belongs to nostalgia. Recognizing this, Phoebe Atwood Taylor's publishers have reissued her Asey Mayo tales and also the Leonidas Witherall stories she wrote under her pen name Alice Tilton. Other publishers are reissuing S.S. Van Dine's Philo Vance stories, and "Ellery Queen's" Ellery Queen stories. Fu Manchu goes on being reprinted, and of course Sherlock Holmes. Also Dorothy L. Sayers's Lord Peter Wimsey stories; Marjorie Allingham's Campion stories; Rex Stout's Nero Wolfe stories. Any day now, or

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so one may wistfully hope, some enterprising publisher will reissue H. C. Bailey's splendid Mr. Fortune stories, R. Austin Freeman's Dr. Thorndike stories.

This is a phenomenon worth pondering. Why exactly do these characters go on and on, apparently appealing to new generations of readers? They have just tossed *Silas Marner* out of the schools, as hopelessly out of date. But Sherlock Holmes and Watson will soon have been going strong for a hundred years, and show no slackening. Fu Manchu and his great opponent Nayland Smith (Smith is the detective, Fu Manchu the villain) made their first appearances before the First World War, as did both Dr. Thorndike, and even Mr. Fortune. This is remarkable longevity for what was written as, and never professed to be other than, light ephemeral reading. Ellery Queen and Peter Wimsey are not quite so long in the tooth, nevertheless they date back to the late twenties. Queen, and Nero Wolfe, still make fairly regular appearances in newly written tales, though Ellery must be over sixty, and Nero can't be a day under eighty. Then there is Agatha Christie who was eighty last month and has just published her eightieth (and monstrously bad) book, *Passenger to Frankfurt* (Dodd, Mead; $5.95)

Recently on television a character in the "Saint" series remarked nostalgically to Simon Templar, "In those days [during the French Resistance in the Second World War] you were so young." His memory must have played him false. In 1940, the Saint had already been on top of the thriller list for ten strenuous years. So, by now, he's at least sixty. Maybe that handsome young fellow Roger Moore is really his son, or even grandson?

The longevity of detective stories is no mystery. All the plots (there aren't so many) were long since used up. What makes the stories tick is the leading character. That's why the detectives always appear in a series of novels or short stories. The Saint Saga now runs to above 30 volumes. Detective stories belong with Epic and Saga, not with Novel and Drama. This is a very respectable category to be in, since it includes both Beowulf and Homer. Once they've fallen under the character's spell, people love to go on reading about him (or her, except that unfortunately there are very few really successful female detectives). If the immortal characters' mortal creators stop producing new tales, through dying, the fans go on rereading the old ones, apparently for as long as publishers can be found to continue reissuing them.

Asey Mayo, Phoebe Atwood Taylor's Cape Cod detective, is a pillar of this genre, assuming a genre can have a pillar. There are 22 Asey Mayo volumes; and it is not possible to recall any of the plots a week after reading one. (This makes it doubly a pleasure to reread them). What however remains firmly in the reader's head is the character of Asey Mayo, with his drawl, his expertise with automobiles and boats, his corduroys and his duck-shooting jacket and yachtsman's cap. Leonidas Witherall, Miss Taylor's other detective – the mild-spoken New England professor who looks so like Shakespeare – is less memorable, but even more fun since the Witherall plots are really wild.

Other characters in the Mayo series feed the imagination. Doc Cummings, who pronounces on the bodies his friend Asey finds, is a voluble man constantly claiming to be speechless. Asey's cousin Jenny is an avid collector of homely items that usually turn out to be vital clues – clam rakes, beach-plum jelly, iron spiders. Asey's methods are also homely. While the state police are putting a suspect's description over the teletype, Asey is talking to Annie the switchboard operator at the Weesit Four Corners. As Asey explains, only policemen see the teletype but Annie talks to everybody. The homeliness of Asey's speech is another delight. In his idiom, he most usually always manages to solve the case somehow. Mayo, like fiction's other detectives, is in the Homeric tradition, but he is the only one who is a homespun hero.

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Television

Forward with Forsyte

I don't want to knock Public Broadcasting, but I would like to coax it to be more interesting. I get the feeling that the people who run these things worry too much about what I *ought* to see, maybe because Public Broadcasting had its beginnings in that stern Calvinist league called Educational Television. I don't want to be tube-educated more than four minutes a day at my age, just literately entertained. Public Broadcasting can do it; the *Forsyte Saga* proved it. (That series is so popular it ran three times a week in Washington, DC, during its second go-around, and is going to be run through for a third time next year.) People aren't watching *Forsyte* because it's good for them but because they want to. So there is a market for something more pleasurable than news commentaries, stock market reports, or what's called experimental drama. Forward with *Forsyte!*

What might we have next? To start with, how about a dramatization of Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks*? It's not English, but it has just as much atmosphere as Galsworthy can produce, and just as many interesting characters; it's a high-class soap opera. I'd promise to stay home one night a week to find out how things are going with old Johann and Thomas and Christian Buddenbrooks, and little Johann, and Consul Kroger, and the importuning Herr Grunlich, and Gerda, and the organist of St. Mary's, and to see those opulent 19th century German interiors. Imagine how this scene would play: "A christening – a christening in Broad Street . . . in the dining room, the maid servant, moving noiselessly so as not to disturb the services in the next room, is filling the cups with steaming hot chocolate and whipped cream. There are quantities of cups, crowded together on the great round tray with the gilded shell shaped handles. And Anton, the butler, is cutting a towering layer cake into slices, and Mamsell Yungmann is arranging flowers and sweets in silver dessert dishes, with her head on one side, and both little fingers stuck out. Soon the company will have seated themselves in the salon and sitting room, and all these delicacies will be handed around. . . . In the salon, there is a flower-decked small table, serving as an altar, with a young priest in black vestments and a stiff snowy ruff like a millstone round his neck, reciting the service; and there is a great, strapping, particularly well-nourished person, richly arrayed in red and gold, bearing upon her billowing arms a small something, half smothered in laces and satin bows: an heir – a first-born son! a Buddenbrook!"

An hour and a half of Thomas Mann for 13 weeks. And then? Well, the Snopes and the rest of the mad people in Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County saga would be good; followed by C. P. Snow's *Strangers and Brothers*, all of it. Shots of Cambridge and London, The Life and Times of Louis Elliot and all his friends – Roy Calvert, George Bassant, Francis Getliffe; conflicts of conscience and class, intrigues of academic and government bureaucrats, the mellowing of radicals, conversations in Whitehall, the thwarted or rewarded ambitions of scientists and politicians, the sense of history being made. Take the scene that Snow introduces in these words: "A number of ministerial careers have been helped, or alternatively hindered, in Diana Skidmore's drawing room" – with a little luck and producer imagination that drawing room could become a TV staple.

Back home, there are the almost forgotten adventures of Lanny Budd, the hero of Upton Sinclair's wildly improbable but fascinating novels. Then how about a dozen dramatizations from Jane Austen, to be followed by five nights of Dashiell Hammett, a novel a night. And if Public Broadcasting begins to run out of stories, what's the matter with the investigations of Hercule Poirot.

We don't have to stop with story-telling. I want Good Talk, too. Holden Caulfield had the clue. What really knocked him out was the dream of "a book that, when you're all done reading it, you wish the author that wrote it was a terrific friend of yours and you could call him up on the phone whenever you felt like it." Holden wouldn't have minded "calling this Isak Dinesen up. And Ring Lardner." If the broadcasters get on the phone, they can find some others (not everybody's dead I want to talk to, but it's getting harder). I'm not thinking of *interviews*. Just a comfortable chair with someone sitting in it who can, if he chooses, *say* something for (as Holden would say) crissake. Maybe only a half hour. Our readers will have ideas about whom they'd like to listen to, and we'd like to know; but for a starter: E. B. White, Jacques Lipschitz, Roger Baldwin, Ben Gurion (in his study in that remote kibbutz somewhere in the desert), Marianne Moore, Lewis Mumford, Hugo Black, S. J. Perelman (why is he moving to England?), Stravinsky – and then a couple of lively ones *under* seventy, too! Anybody interested?

Public broadcasting would need their own David Frost for this, not Robert Cromie and not Steve Allen – and not, I'd say, Julia Child either, though she could cook little things for the visitors. Gene McCarthy might be good – would he do it? After the visitors' words he might or might not have something to say, but he could read poems – or they could just sit in their big chairs and eat the delicacies, while we go to the refrigerator and look for a snack.

Sedulus

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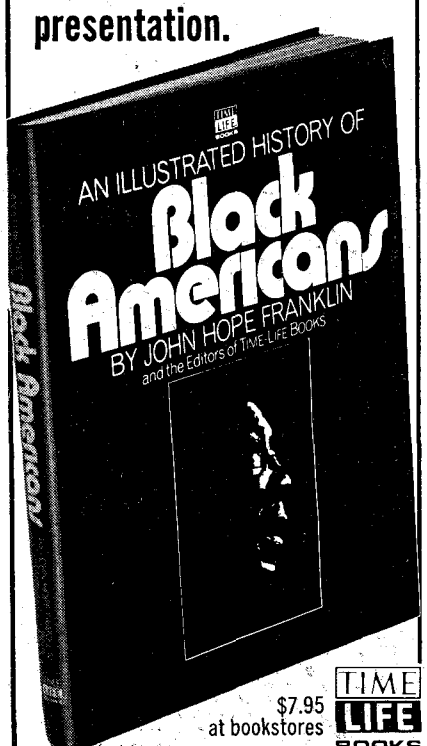

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Kauffmann, *from page 20*

of the last twenty-five years – in politics, social behavior, and the arts. (If I am right at all in my inferences from this play, they apply also to the social fabric of Britain where the play originated.)

This trivial play, by its shape and style, not by what it says – it doesn't say *anything*, which is part of its style – is an appeal, in its way, to Agnew-sanity. Its warm reception is a tiny fissure that lets us look into great boilings. As I sensed the reaction in the audience, as I listened to the very many comments in the intermissions ("Thank God, a *play*. Harry, doesn't it take you back?"), I felt chill and gloom. Rough times ahead for non-lovers of the status quo.

Subsidy note. This play received financial support from the Theatre Development Fund, which, as I recall, was founded a few years ago to help "worthwhile plays" reach a wide audience. (The subsidy allows the management to sell some tickets at discount.) Onward and upward with the arts.

Not – to blazon the obvious – that everything "advanced" is admirable. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., idol of the campus, has written his first play, *Happy Birthday, Wanda June*, and it is a disaster, full of callow wit, rheumatic invention, and dormitory profundity.

Best things first. Ed Wittstein, the wizard of small stages, has designed another off-Broadway set that looks spacious and opulent. Again David F. Segal's lighting is imaginative. Kevin McCarthy, in the leading role, looks better than usual and his acting is tolerable – for him, a pinnacle. William Hickey does a funny, itchy-spastic vaudeville act as his friend.

The play is about a soldier of fortune, a sportsman hero (there are broad references to Hemingway), who is thought to have died in a South American plane crash eight years earlier. He returns suddenly, and we go through several trite, tedious scenes of teasing before he reveals his identity. His wife has had him declared dead and is now engaged; her fiancé is – Vonnegut's wit at work – a gun-abhorring pacifist. This lengthy, meandering play has a few funny lines, a lot of lame fantasy, and some hamhanded juxtaposition of ideas about violence and non-violence. The height of its imagination is exemplified by a scene in Heaven between a golden-haired little girl and a Nazi *Gauleiter* in which they discuss the way Jesus plays shuffleboard. The general tone is the facile sagacity that pervades the few Vonnegut novels I've read.

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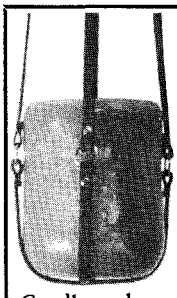

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